JOHN BULL, week ending MARCH 14, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1865

3D EVERY THURSDAY

ROLL OUT THE SHIPS By the EDITOR

AMAZING NAZI SPY DISCLOSURES

THE PERIL OF INDIA by A.G.G.

POWDERED MILK tastes fine with BOURNVILLE COCOA!

Here's how . . .

ONE CUP RECIPE

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1 teaspoonful sugar

2 teaspoonfuls powdered milk

Mix cocoa, sugar and milk powder to a very thick paste with VERY LITTLE *warm water and fill up with boiling water, stirring continuously.*

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No. 495 was christened John Winston Smith (known to his mother as the precious lamb). His home was small but filled with all those things that money can't buy . . . love, happiness, and laughter off the chest.

His daddy hadn't much money but he had a lot of fine dreams about young J. W. and was going to struggle to make them come true.

But one thing daddy forgot — security. You've got to have a free England for free men to grow up in.

Money is wanted for winning the war. Then lend all you can — every penny. There's nothing else you can spend it on that's worth while compared to our youngsters' future.

Otherwise it will be — "The Gauleiter wants you!" *And what about his future then . . . ?*

★ ★ ★

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Issued by the National Savings Committee

Save fuel

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GAS · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

for the factories

Use less hot water for baths, washing up and cleaning. Never wash under a running tap. Waste occurs when dampers are opened unnecessarily; and keep the front of your boiler closed.

Issued by the Mines Department

How to "tempt" an invalid or convalescent who cannot take solid food

ONE of the most difficult stages in convalescence is often that of coaxing an invalid's appetite. The problem is to find a food that is tempting and appetizing, and that at the same time is able to supply the system with the necessary body-building materials for regaining strength.

If you have an invalid or convalescent to care for, you can place your confidence in Horlicks, for it has these great advantages:

(1) Horlicks is easily digested even by the most delicate system. It is frequently prescribed for patients suffering from gastric and duodenal ulcers, and often proves to be the only food that a patient can retain and absorb.

(2) The milk sugar and malt sugars in Horlicks pass into the blood-stream very quickly. That is why Horlicks has a revivifying effect. It renews energy almost at once.

(3) Horlicks has a good proportion of readily assimilable protein and a useful proportion of mixed carbohydrates. This makes Horlicks a good tissue-repairer, of great value during convalescence.

(4) Horlicks is delicious and *tempting* and readily acceptable to the patient.

(5) It is no trouble to prepare. *It needs neither milk nor sugar.* The correct way to make Horlicks is and always has been to *add water to it*, as the milk is already in it. And the natural sugars give it just the right degree of sweetness.

Horlicks is not expensive. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle.

We ask you to be patient when your chemist or grocer has no Horlicks. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

A Smile that's worth while

A real Odol Smile is almost a National Asset these days. Don't take any chances with it. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully.

Keep the winning

Odol

—Tooth-powder
Tooth-paste
Solid Dentifrice

Smile!

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE MEAL-TIME DRINK THAT IS A FOOD AS WELL

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. It has a delicious, tempting, chocolatey flavour. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's Cocoa and make it your regular meal-time drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

Sorry Madam!

We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.

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Post Coupon NOW for your Copy

FOODGROWERS! Here's the SEED BOOK of the SEASON

Best Famous Seeds that grow are sold in 1½d. and larger Packets, sufficient for most needs. Every Packet Guaranteed.

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If Spring Catalogue of Roses, Veg. Plants, etc., also wanted, put X in square. ☐

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 14, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

PARADE

● **We had an idea that the Home Guard was to be trained to defend Britain, not to furnish dumb shows for Brass Hats.**

Maybe we were wrong. For here is the recent programme of the 30th Middlesex battalion in preparation for a ceremonial parade and inspection by a high officer:

Sunday, Feb. 1.—All lance-corporals parade for instruction on the ceremonial parade.

Sunday, Feb. 8.—All corporals parade for the same purpose.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—All sergeants parade for the same purpose.

Thursday, Feb. 19.—Company arade for the same purpose.

Sunday, Feb. 22.—Full-dress rehearsal.

Thursday, Feb. 26.—Further rehearsal.

Sunday, March 1.—Ceremonial parade and inspection

As the men parade only on Thursdays and Sundays, the training of the whole battalion has been seriously interrupted for a month.

Is training throughout the Home Guard to be rotted by the same fatuous folly that for so long burdened the regular Army?

Straight from the Shoulder

HIT HARD!

SWING over to the offensive with the coming of Spring!

We must hit hard—and hit now.

Only thus shall we stop the rot in our affairs.

Home and Abroad

Let us develop the offensive spirit throughout the World Front—and on the Home Front as well.

And let us make a start with the War Office.

It is there that the root of our present troubles is to be found.

Dangerous Obsession

The Army is vitiated by a defence complex. It is palsied by inaction.

It thinks in terms of the defensive. It plans in terms of the defensive.

And so it loses nearly every battle in which it is engaged.

Comb-Out

The new War Minister, ruthless Sir James Grigg, is weeding out unfit commanders under the rank of colonel and above the age of forty-five. An admirable beginning! But only a beginning.

Youth is not always fit. So why restrict the comb-out to middle-aged men? And why not apply the comb to that gigantic centre of muddling ineptitude, the War Office itself?

Height of Folly

War has caused few changes in War Office folly.

On the day before Singapore fell War Office jackasses were still choking the cables with stupid messages to that beleaguered fortress about Army issues to officers—how many undergarments they should have, and so on.

On the very day Singapore fell it was receiving equally unimportant answers from the harassed garrison.

Passing the Time

Let Sir James inquire how much work his staff officers have to do. He will find that many are idle.

Let him visit the War Office canteens. He will find long queues there morning and afternoon—even though the officials are served with tea and coffee in their offices.

Silly Slogan

"Let them come on" is still the slogan of these brass-headed cuckoos. Not "Let us go on."

Well, we must throw out the cuckoos from their snug nests. We must gag the cackle of the jackasses.

And we must make the paper warriors begin to fight.

Top-Heavy

An end to the top-heavy system of files and memoranda and sub-committees! End the long-winded "passed-to-you" minutes!

Switch over the top-heavy organisation to its real purpose of waging war! Cry halt to the constant modifications in equipment design!

War equipment needs simplifying; it must be recognised that soldiers' needs vary with the type of battle in which they are engaged.

Soviet Lesson

Hitherto, we have fought the wrong type of battle. We have preferred defence to attack.

Yet the Russians have shown that attack is the best form of defence.

Russian hammer-strokes are as regular as the pulse of the heart. They do not wait upon the enemy's convenience. They do not give the enemy a chance to recover. We do.

Getting the First Blow

The Russians have the advantage in artillery, mine-throwers and automatic rifles. The Germans are superior in tanks and aircraft.

Do the Russians wait for the enemy tanks and 'planes to come over? They do not. They attack first.

Invasion Fleet

In the Balkans, the enemy is massing 200 concrete barges, each capable of carrying 200 men over the sea between Greece and Turkey.

In the Far East, the enemy extends his conquests and his lines of communications.

Need we leave the initiative to our enemies?

Causing Confusion

Though we cannot launch a counter-offensive, we can disrupt his plans and his supplies by ceaseless small attacks.

We can drain his strength until we are strong enough to hit decisively. That, remember, is what the Russians have done.

Uncle Sam Steps Out

Now, too, the U.S.A. is becoming aggressive. It is fortifying islands from San Francisoo to Australia—stepping stones to Japan.

Reinforcements will pour over these stones, including bombers for Australia. "Fighting MacArthur" will be maintained in the Philippines at all costs.

"This is largely an air war," says Mr. Stimson, and the U.S.A. means to use its air forces to the utmost.

Non-Stop R.A.F.

In this war, attack is the secret of success.

Sir Archibald Sinclair shows the right spirit in revealing that the R.A.F. has beaten the Germans in every form of air fighting, and means to beat them in Army co-operation.

Handsome Dividends

Now the R.A.F. has started to attack French war factories. The attacks must continue as long as they pay dividends by destroying enemy war materials.

Make no mistake about it. The R.A.F. will play a major part in winning this war.

More and more aircraft. More trained crews. More fluidity of control; more co-operation with sister Services—these are the factors that will enable us to smash our way to victory.

Mastering the Seas

The U-boat offensive threatens our existence. Well, the remedy is not defence but counter-offensive.

Use the R.A.F. long-range bombers to scour the seas, hit the U-boat builders and U-boat bases!

Don't stop at convoy protection!

Helping Production

Let Civil Defence take the offensive. Keep its myriad of men and women in reserve for defence, certainly.

But use them also to help the production of offensive weapons, even if only indirectly.

Neglected Arsenal

We need every piece of equipment that can possibly be manufactured. We need to make every British factory 100 per cent. efficient.

Yet even that will not be enough. We must enlist more aid from the Dominions; we must tap the unused reservoirs of Indian man-power.

First in the Field

A U.S. mission is going to India to investigate the industrial possibilities of that vast country.

Why?

A great British armaments expert, Sir Alexander Roger, has already carried out such a mission. He has surveyed the entire field.

But his recommendations have been ignored by Whitehall; it is left to the Americans to see what can be done!

Dalliance

That is typical of our blind delays in preparing the means to launch a great offensive against the enemy.

There is delay, also, in fighting the enemies in our midst

We have long been on the defensive against profiteers and racketeers.

Black Markets

It is true that new measures are promised against Black Market rogues. They consist in the main of heavier sentences for convicted offenders.

The defensive spirit still!

What is needed is a counter-offensive, a new system that will make it impossible even to *start* Black Market conspiracies!

The Winning Spirit

We shall not win this war, we shall not make Britain a better land, by waiting to be attacked, by submitting to plunder and being forced to retreat.

We shall win only if we show the same fighting spirit as the Chinese, Russians and Dutch—by attacking the attackers.

Now for Action

The British lion has been at bay for two years, roaring defiance and majestically beating the air with its tail.

Let it now spring at the throats of its enemies before long inaction atrophies its muscles and makes its roar a croak!

(Continued overleaf)

WANTED—A CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD

● **A Buckinghamshire man had owned nurseries since 1920. War hit his business badly, and he applied to the agricultural committee for assistance. He was told he did not come within the official scheme.**

He carried on as best he could.

Then the blow fell. He was given 21 hours' notice to quit because he was not growing enough food.

Many similar cases have been brought to JOHN BULL's attention. And we suspect that, all too often, "bad farmers" have not been told early enough nor firmly enough what was wrong with their holdings and how they could put it right.

County committees and their executive officers seem reluctant to give man-to-man warning and useful advice.

If they did so, much resentment would be avoided and the nation's larder be better stocked.

Moreover, there should be a small appeal committee to consider the defence of men threatened with the loss of their livelihood.

Anything less is a denial of justice.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

NOT a week passes without Government appeals to industry's millions to "work harder."

JOHN BULL warns the Government that these empty exhortations are arousing resentment—and resentment won't speed up war production.

Unwanted Idleness

What will? If work is made available to all, output will rise.

There will remain some slackers, of course. The authorities have ample powers to deal with them.

Mr. Bevin hits the right nail on the head by attacking employers who waste labour. His speech justifies JOHN BULL'S campaign against mismanagement.

Ammunition

One reader is certainly helping to bestir the Government about short-time factories. He cuts out from JOHN BULL every case of wasted man-power and forwards them to his M.P.

The M.P. quotes them in the House and bullies Whitehall about them. If other readers would do likewise the most sluggish of Government Departments would be forced into action.

Meanwhile, we offer further examples of industrial muddling.

Shame

At one aircraft factory near Liverpool workers say they are ashamed to draw their wages at the week's end—they have done so little to earn it.

At another, not one in twenty has anything to do.

Window-Dressing

Munition factory near London received the usual *notice in advance* of an official visit.

Instead of leaving at 1 p.m. on Saturday, workers were told to remain on overtime and "try to look busy."

Usually, of course, they don't have to try.

Lost Hours

Elsewhere, the "late time" folly continues.

Staffordshire man, fifteen minutes late for work, was sent home for the day. Result: fourteen other men were made idle, forty tank castings and three other jobs were lost to the country.

JOHN BULL doesn't defend bad time-keepers. Deductions should be made from their pay.

But this case is exceptional. Read why:

Piecework

The man who was late is a piece-worker. He could have turned out those forty tank castings in five hours and then gone on "time work" for the rest of the day—4½ hours.

And his lost fifteen minutes would have harmed no one.

Square Holes

Moreover, the Government scheme for training arms workers is still being wasted to a large extent.

Women sent to a factory find their training useless, for instrument makers are turned into visual inspectors and trained inspectors are given elementary sorting work.

Help for Hitler

Now for a story where blame rests on the workers. At a new aerodrome, frost kept bricklayers idle for many weeks. Tired of receiving "stand-by pay" for nothing, they offered to do labouring jobs.

Ordinary labourers would not have suffered. Indeed, there is a shortage of labourers.

But those aerodrome labourers threatened to strike if the brickies took over unskilled work, and the offer had to be refused. JOHN BULL would like to export a few of those navvies to Germany.

Waste of Petrol!

Italian prisoners of war are taken by car from their billets to the farms each day. Apparently a walk of one or two miles would be too much for them.

But British soldiers on leave often have to walk five miles from a country station to their cottages.

Are They Downhearted!

Incidentally, relatives of British prisoners of war should be cheered by a Nazi tribute.

Talking of our lads who were captured in Libya, a German war reporter is bewildered because they will not recognise defeat, are "as haughty and confident as if they had already won the war," and unfailingly cheerful.

Training—for What!

Physical training experts persuaded the Army Council to ban excessive foot-stamping on the barrack-square and the exaggerated arm-swinging while marching.

The first causes fallen arches, the second wastes energy.

But at any training camp you'll still hear sergeant instructors bawling at new recruits:

"Get those arms up, get 'em up! And when you comes to attention, slap your feet down. They won't fall off!"

Nelson's Blind Eye

Doesn't anyone read Army Council Instructions? Or have mediæval-minded commanding officers the power to ignore them?

This is not the first example JOHN BULL has given of the day A.C.I.s are flouted. So we shall wait and see before cheering the new order that ceremonial rifle drill must no longer be taught.

Progress, 1942

Further changes are coming. Recently we mentioned that an officer loses his field allowance directly he is provided with a steel poker, scuttle, shovel and bucket.

The War Office politely assures us that a new arrangement is now "under consideration" whereby an officer will either have proper accommodation or field allowance.

Discipline!

That's fine. But we're still a little puzzled by the Army way.

Typical of orders to fighting battalions is this: "Parade at 10.00 hrs.; every man will carry in his left hand one (1) tin of dubbin, and in his right hand one (1) block of khaki-green No. 3 blanco."

Will it help them to fight more fiercely?

Salvage Silliness

Two months ago a regimental corps in the West Country held a special salvage campaign. Battalions competed with one another to collect old rubber tyres, iron and paper.

Result: many tons of salvage are awaiting disposal.

Correspondence with Whitehall has proved futile; the salvage so urgently needed remains where it did.

March Madness

One last story of khaki craziness:

A soldier on leave had been twelve hours in his Kent home when the police called—after midnight—with orders for him to return to his unit at once.

Off he went to a Midlands town. On arrival, he found that a dental inspection was being held, and after his teeth had been inspected he was allowed to return home for his leave!

It's funny, until you remember that his fares will be borne by the taxpayer.

Pass, Friend

Our thanks to the reader who sends us a pass to a certain fighter aerodrome.

He ceased working there long ago, but nobody has bothered about collecting his pass. He also sends us a Home Guard pass to which he is no longer entitled.

Are the authorities certain that such things cannot fall into the hands of foes as well as friends?

Aid to Spending

Two new food Orders issued on the same day provide a disagreeable contrast.

One shows that ground rice is about to disappear from the market. That can't be helped in present circumstances.

The other allows such unnecessary luxuries as liqueur chocolates to be manufactured and sold at prices far in excess of the maximum prices laid down in previous Orders.

So the Government that urges the majority to austere living is encouraging the rich minority to squander money on fripperies!

Save to Lend

The contrast is a fair instance of the official bungling that is hindering the war effort.

Not only is more rationing essential. It should be made impossible for money to be wasted on non-essentials.

Bigger Profits

A lot of money will be wasted on clothes in future. The Government is making that certain.

Two-thirds of the available cloth will be reserved for "Utility" suits and dresses. The other third will make more fashionable clothing that will undoubtedly fetch fantastic prices.

Already prices are soaring. So more money will go to big shopkeepers instead of National Savings.

Stupid Boycott

Some smaller shopkeepers are being burdened by a new and wicked worry. One case will suffice.

An electrician and radio dealer has been working in a munition factory for nearly two years; his wife has been carrying out what little shop business remains.

Wholesalers inform him that he can no longer be given supplies because he is not himself engaged in the business.

What monstrous injustice to penalise those who are helping Britain to increase its war production!

Mr. Wm. Johnstone

We want to refer to the "Open Letter" in our issue of January 24 last to Mr. William Johnstone, of Trimpley, near Kidderminster, against whom a recent charge of alleged failure to comply with a billeting notice was dismissed.

Further facts have been brought to our notice, and we are now satisfied that our remarks were not justified. We offer our apologies to Mr. Johnstone for any annoyance the letter may have caused him.

Behind the News

● **Worst Nazi shock at paratroop raid in France was not its success but realisation that since details of this secret radiolocation centre were known, there is no reason why the Allies should not know others.**

● *Escape of "S and G." cruisers from Brest has lowered instead of raised Nazi naval morale. German coastal population had been told these ships were successfully raiding Allied commerce; now crews have told why they dared not sail.*

● There has also been a sharp fall in volunteers for U-boats. Crews believe that not one U-boat in three survives the first month of Atlantic service.

● **To offset *Luftwaffe* losses in Russia, Air Chief Milch has commandeered old French machines.**

● *Shortage of bomb sights in Jap air force is being exploited by our fighters. Only squadron leaders' 'planes are so fitted and is the reason why simultaneous bomb release on his signal is the Jap "technique" over land targets.*

● Effect of guerilla action on Nazis is measured by standing offers of 5,000 marks reward for information leading to the capture of any guerilla leader. No single reward has been claimed!

● **Nazis may soon give up "wolf-pack" U-boat tactics. Their losses have been more important than Allied shipping sunk.**

● *Several Vichy quislings fear for their personal safety in case they are linked up with fresh disclosures in the Riom trial.*

● Hitler is making his last effort to secure French ships and bases. He offers Pétain reduction of occupation costs, and Vichy control of Paris within a week of this "collaboration."

● **More than 5,000 large Danube barges have been turned into hospital annexes for Nazi wounded.**

● *Big shake-up of* gauleiters *in occupied Europe is coming. Nine of them have been "purged" in the last two months; five have died mysteriously in Austria.*

● Expect surprise when Admiral Leahy reports to Mr. Roosevelt. He knows about every Nazi "tourist" in North Africa, has warned Pétain about the danger to Vichy of U.S.A. recognition of De Gaulle.

ROLL OUT THE SHIPS!

WE are an island race. By sea power we live and can wage war. Without it, we *can* starve, and *can* be defeated.

Government spokesmen, from Churchill downwards, have warned us that this is a year of crisis in shipping.

"Our losses since the war began," said the Premier, "have been very heavy," and in the last few months they have shown "a most serious increase."

What are these losses? Admiral Land, chairman of the U.S. Maritime Commission, estimates that Britain entered the war with about 21,000,000 tons of shipping, and has sustained a net loss of about 4,000,000.

Our own Chamber of Shipping, in its latest report, puts the sinking of British, Allied and neutral shipping to the end of 1941 at about 8,300,000 tons gross, and the total world loss at 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 tons out of 63,000,000!

Speaking at Hull the other day on this subject, Viscount Bennett, the former Prime Minister of Canada, said: "The necessity of building ships is greater than at any period in our history—*but have we the time?*"

The answer to this question of life and death depends upon the Government and people of this country. There is enough time if they use it to the utmost advantage, but there is literally none to spare.

We must roll out the ships. We must build them faster, repair them at twice the speed, and turn them round without an hour's delay.

Nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of this essential purpose—neither masters nor men; neither customs nor prejudice; neither profit nor comfort.

How, then, can we build ships faster? We suggest in the first place that we should take to welding instead of riveting.

Germany swung over to this modern method for the speedy construction of more U-boats. America, which provided 1,000,000 tons deadweight of new shipping last year and hopes to supply 18,000,000 tons this year and next, is using it too.

But we keep riveting. Every 10,000-ton tanker that goes down the slipways carries with it more than a million rivets.

Welding is cheaper. One welder can do the work of four riveters. A riveted ship, which has to lie on the stocks for eight months, could be launched in five by arc-welding. In other words, by adopting the new method we could build three ships for every two built under the old one.

AGAIN, the value of a merchant navy depends not only on the number of the ships it includes, but also upon the number of voyages they can make.

JOHN BULL therefore suggests that we should build faster cargo steamers. Japan is doing so. Her new transports, supply ships and tankers can do at twenty knots; ours at only ten or twelve.

That is why our convoys can make but three voyages round the Cape to the Middle East in twelve months. They could make four if they were a little faster.

Our Government and our great shipping companies are well aware of this. All that stops them from switching over to faster merchantmen is the question of post-war profits.

The speedy tramp needs another boiler and more fuel space. In peace time its extra speed might still show a loss. But, if we don't win the war, the country will go bankrupt, let alone the shippers.

It is urgently necessary that the present building programme be designed to win the war rather than to meet the future convenience of commercial concerns.

JOHN BULL is firm in its belief that the profit motive should be taken out of war altogether.

So far we have not approached the rate of shipbuilding attained in the last war, although production committees appointed by the unions have improved time-keeping and output in fifty yards and workshops under their jurisdiction.

Much more could still be done. Overtime workers and night-shifts could easily carry on in the interior of ships under construction. Black-out problems would not present insurmountable difficulties.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By The Editor

We suggest, too, that Admiralty designers and inspectors should be less exacting about changes in detail, which often cause unnecessary delays.

SO much for constructional methods, but boldness in these is not enough. There must be closer co-operation between masters and men and between both and the Government.

During last year in shipbuilding three times as many days were lost in disputes as in 1940, and, on the engineering side, four times as many! These disputes cost the country about 50,000 tons of new shipping.

We do not blame either side in particular. We simply assert that these disputes will have to stop, and that if the Government's present methods of conciliation are not adequate to the purpose, new and more drastic methods ought instantly to be introduced.

Not that we want any more official control than is absolutely necessary. Heaven forbid!

We incline rather to the view of the Confederated Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions that, "if practical men, representatives of employers and workers, superseded Admiralty representatives in control of shipbuilding and repairs, output in the yards could be increased by 15 to 20 per cent."

But that does not blind our eyes to the *fact* that, among a multitude of loyal workers, there is a minority of greedy slackers and wanglers and a dangerous nucleus of "lay lawyers," arguing and fighting for their "rights," even though the nation should perish to preserve them.

JOHN BULL has always championed the cause of organised labour. We do so still, but we also maintain that no right or privilege or custom can be worth a brass farthing unless it be guaranteed by total victory.

We know that the unions have sacrificed much in the national cause; we admit that Capital ought to be called upon for equal sacrifice. *But we must build more ships at all costs.*

To this end peace time trade demarcations should go by the board. The nation can no longer afford to let technicians wait upon tradesmen. Plumbers must not be halted for electricians, nor electricians for carpenters.

The time has come to abolish forms and ceremonies. Damn tradition and precedent! Let the platers punch their holes without waiting for the apprentices to mark them. Let all classes of shipbuilding workers, dockers and repairers work selflessly together for faster and bigger output.

THEY are not doing so yet. "It is common practice," writes a reader who is employed in a large dockyard, "to see men hanging about playing cards or darts until 7.40 p.m. until one of their number puts in time-sheets for the group, which is paid until 8 p.m.—that is, six hours' overtime."

We do not say that this loafing and swindling is general, but we do say that it exists in most centres of the shipbuilding industry.

Moreover, as another reader points out in a letter from another yard, vital time is lost by lack of transport. He says that in one trade under his observation in that one yard an average of forty men arrive late and knock off early for no other reason.

Let the Ministry of Transport take note of this, and let Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, use his great powers and almost limitless authority to sweep away all obstructionism, whether it comes from builders, dockers, repairers, official Red-Tape, vested interests or trades union "politicians."

Finally, while making an all-out drive on these lines, we need to intensify our campaign against the U-boats and the enemy bombers which are the chief cause of our shipping losses.

It is true that of recent months our night bombing attacks have been concentrated largely upon enemy docks, where submarines are built, and this is all to the good so far as it goes.

JOHN BULL suggests, however, that Coastal Command needs far more 'planes with which to attack the enemy at sea. Why should it be kept short of them? We have masses of bombers available for operational work to-day; more, perhaps, than can be usefully employed for their original purposes.

Surely, therefore, the Air Ministry can transfer a sufficient number of 'planes from Bomber to Coastal Command to meet this urgent need? If not, let the War Cabinet intervene.

Space fails us even to list many other suggestions which are being made for the speeding up of shipbuilding, the hastening of repairs, and the more relentless attack upon the enemy's pirate forces.

We say here that every practical suggestion needs urgent consideration at once.

And we remind our readers and the general public that they, too, can play their part in the fight for shipping.

They cannot build cargo ships, but they can save cargoes.

They should be ruthless in their self-denial. They should encourage the Government to stern control by their eager willingness to do without every sea-borne luxury.

By sea power we have lived and prospered. Only by its maintenance can we survive and conquer.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—It gives me no satisfaction to be able to say "I told you so."

Last summer I predicted a winter coal shortage. It came—and it persists.

During the iciest weather of the century people have had to shiver at fireless grates.

Typical of many poignant letters sent to me is this, from a Surrey suburb: "I am eighty-seven, and have been without coal for weeks. I am nearly frozen to death—so are many expectant mothers in the neighbourhood."

Well, must all this happen again next year? Must the homes of the people go short of gas as well as coal? Must the production of munitions be imperilled?

It depends on you.

The Government is setting up a new Fuel Department. That will prove of no more use than a damp squib unless you provide the men who can provide the coal.

Too many miners have been called up to idle in the Army. The War Office, more intent on building an Army of millions than to provide the means by which an army can fight, has been reluctant to release them.

But you are big enough to stand up to the Army grabbers. You can overrule them by your authority as a member of the War Cabinet.

You have the sense to realise that unless more coal is raised we shall not only suffer fireless hearths again but will not be able to produce all the weapons we need.

And action must be taken this Spring, as a Parliamentary committee has reported, if a shortage is to be avoided later in the year.

Coal dumps near London have not been drawn upon. Deposits of surface coal have been neglected. No attempt has been made to improve the organisation of the industry.

But the main factor has been the shortage of labour.

That is why Britain looks to you for quick decisions to assure us of ample supplies of power, however long the war may last.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY INCE, Director of Man-Power

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would explain why one of my Durham readers, a woman of forty, has been vainly asking the local employment exchange for war work since March, 1941.

Such cases—and I have reported many—make nonsense of official boasts that there is work for everyone.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. V. STEPHENS, Malayan Tin Dredging, Ltd.,

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—The white people left in Malaya have more cause than you to regret that the prosperous career of your company has been "interrupted by the Japanese invasion."

You state that the company's books have all been lost. You announce that the plant has been reduced to scrap iron.

But—and what a but!—you declare a dividend for the year of 55 per cent.

It is almost an anti-climax to mention that another Malayan company over which you preside has declared a dividend of 40 per cent.

I hope your shareholders will invest heavily in National Savings.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Don't urge farmers to produce more food. Encourage them to do so.

One sent a pig weighing 12 st. 3 lb. to the local factory. He received £10 6s. 7d. for it. Had it weighed 3 lb. less he would have been paid the full rate of £12.

In other words, he was fined for producing an extra 3 lb. of pork—the pork for which the country is clamouring.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—Take my tip and pay a few surprise visits to our dockyards.

I have repeatedly told of card-playing in famous yards. Listen now to the report of a reader sent to a Scottish naval depot:

No work available. Men play games, women eke out the time by tea-making. Night shifts, at double pay, merely sleep.

This—and Lord Chatfield's hints that our warship production is far behind schedule—should stir you to action!—JOHN BULL.

Major BURNHAM, Commandant, Star and Carter Home

DEAR MAJOR,—I am sorry that an ex-Serviceman suffering from creeping paralysis has been dismissed from the Home for a minor offence against discipline.

I trust that I shall soon hear of his re-instatement.

Discipline must be maintained, certainly. The man acted foolishly. But it seems a little harsh that after ten years in the Home he should be thrown out into a strange world.—JOHN BULL.

Commander A. N. C. FIREBRACE, Chief of Fire Staff

DEAR SIR,—Your staff reminds me of the market-place showmen who, before the war, drank petrol and set fire to the fumes from their lips.

In no other way can I explain the tremendous petrol consumption by the new N.F.S.—unless much of it is used for joy-riding.

Workington, for example, used 46 gallons in the local fire service during November, 1939, 54 gallons in November, 1940, and 233 gallons in November, 1941.

Even the Army would find it hard to beat that increase.—JOHN BULL.

BOROUGH COUNCIL, North Finchley

GENTLEMEN,—There is angry comment in your district at the dismissal of an ex-Service post warden who joined A.R.P. in June, 1939, had not slept a night at home for years, but was always on duty at his post.

It is alleged that he was dismissed because he did not compel part-time workers to sleep at the post.

Has his successor, who I understand is a man of military age, been able to make them do so? And do you not owe a duty to your ratepayers to demand an adequate explanation?—JOHN BULL.

Capt. ALAN SIMPSON, Public Relations Officer, Northern Command

DEAR CAPTAIN,—I doubt if High Authority would entirely agree with you that constructive criticism by the Press is doubly valuable in these critical times, or echo your exclamation: "Heaven help us if we had to rely on official bulletins or a *British Gazette*!"

I certainly agree that too many amateurs are ensconced in the information departments of the various Services.

But the trouble goes deeper than that. Whitehall is not merely unable but disinclined to supply the information that allows the British Press to restore British prestige throughout the world.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. N. BALFOUR, M.P., Under-Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—I suspect that some Air Ministry contractors are still paid on the infamous cost-plus system.

At one camp more than 100 tons of cement has been spoiled by faulty storage. Of 1,200 ft. of sheeting, more than 300 sq. ft. were wasted. Labour is wasted on building a squash rackets court that will probably be used only by a few officers.

The loss of Singapore because of lack of air support makes such scandals all the more infuriating, and the need for your investigation all the more urgent.—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL Coventry

GENTLEMEN,—Some provincial towns are stacked with food. But not ours. You know better than I how acute is the food shortage in Coventry. You know well that, despite the tremendous increase in its population, supplies are still allotted on pre-war figures.

But what are you doing about it?

You have protested, certainly. But you must protest often and violently before the Whitehall snails will be goaded into movement.

Storm at them. Threaten them. Give them no peace!—JOHN BULL.

A Chapel by the Thames

ARGUE IT OUT by Public

THE dedication of a chapel is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, news. But if the chapel is in a vast building which is the nerve centre of one of the widest spread commercial organisations in the world—then the dedication is news.

Not news in the sense that a murder is news, or a breach of promise action is news, or a rail crash or a disaster at sea—for those are the ephemeral things that rivet our attention for a fleeting hour and are then forgotten.

But the dedication by the Archbishop of Canterbury of the chapel at Electra House, headquarters of Cable and Wireless, is more than news—it is a symbol of the faith stirring in this country.

The management of the company was requested to set aside a room for meditation and prayer.

Instead of a room, a chapel was erected; and Dr. Lang, at the dedication, described it as a reminder of the eternal verities.

★ ★ ★

The Thames which flows beneath the windows of Electra House has moved impartially through many adventures of history. It has seen pagan rites and lusts and killings and riots and persecutions. Yet I doubt whether, from a spiritual point of view, the old river has witnessed anything so significant as the ceremony at that quiet little chapel.

The river has seen the pomp and circumstance of the Church, carried red-hatted cardinals and mitred bishops on their splendid missions—missions more often than not concerned with temporal rather than spiritual things.

Now I believe that the majesty of the Church, with its spired cathedrals, its carved stalls, its magnificent altars, its fretted vaults, its choirs, its snobberies, its class distinctions, its love of power and of social prestige, is not for the little man, the common man, the man like you or me who works and sometimes wonders why the Church survives.

The Church has lost its early touch. It has become an industry and a profession, run on the lines of big business and yet an exclusive trade union.

Those are not the lines on which faith travels. They are the lines which run away from faith.

★ ★ ★

The significance of this chapel lies not in any extension of the Church's sway, but in the profound questions now troubling the hearts of men and women.

The things we dare hope for to-day are primarily the things of the spirit. We are learning that the material things are not so valuable to us as we once thought them to be. It is an encouraging sign of our times that in a great commercial undertaking provision should be made for the expression of faith.

It is a good sign, a healthy sign. It means that some people are alive to a great opportunity—a chance to rebuild on bright, shining lines a shattered world.

Some things only one man sees—the things that are alive and eternal in his soul. They are the indestructible, invisible things. They are sparks from the flame of eternity.

The chapel by the Thames is a small thing in a world torn by mighty passions.

But the urge that brought it into being will still be strong in the hearts of men when the passions of to-day are stale and ancient history.

★ When the spy stories of this war are told, the adventures of Dubois, who for years was a trusted agent of his enemies, will rank among the most audacious examples in the history of the secret services

Nazi Spy Fooled French for 15 Years

WE need not wait for the war's end to know who will rank as its master-spy.

For intrigue, ruthlessness and astonishing audacity, Dubois has indeed had few equals in all the dramatic records of international espionage.

The outbreak of war was a godsend to Dubois. It brought him promotion and wide powers. Enormous secret funds were put at his disposal.

He had long been a key-man of the Deuxieme Bureau—the Intelligence Department of the French General Staff.

In fact, he had been the pride of his superiors ever since he entered the department as a young Alsatian officer soon after the last war.

He had brains, courage and daring.

Often he volunteered for perilous missions into Germany. He always came back to Paris with invaluable information of German rearmament.

His statements were carefully checked, unknown to him, by other agents.

Nearly always they were proved right.

Occasional slight inaccuracies increased rather than diminished confidence in him. After all, nobody is infallible, and the best of spies must be expected to make a few trifling errors.

His colleagues admired his coolness and envied his perfect German, which enabled him to carry out the most risky jobs without ever raising suspicion.

An Alsatian

"Ah, well," he explained, "I'm an Alsatian, you know. The Boches take me for a Wurttemberger, that's all."

He received the Legion of Honour for outstanding services in peace time at an unusually early age—and no one was jealous.

But as Hitler's power grew, his chiefs became a little nervous about Dubois.

His life was too precious to risk. Most certainly! Very well, then, he should no longer be sent into Germany.

Instead, he should select the agents who would probe the secrets of the Nazi system. And he should give them all their instructions.

From time to time, some of these spies failed to return. News that they had been handed over to the executioner would appear briefly in the German papers.

Captain Dubois had to report such tidings to his colonel. Both men would shrug their shoulders:

A pity—but it was all in the luck of the game.

During the early days of the war, the captain was promoted to major. Soon he was a commandant.

He travelled to Holland, Belgium and Switzerland to supervise his net of agents and consult with them on the spot.

Worked Both Ways

They were lightning visits. Seldom away from Paris for more than forty-eight hours, he always returned with vital information on the strength of the enemy, the location of divisions behind the Siegfried Line—or anything else the French High Command wanted to know.

Unfortunately, the German High Command was no less informed about the French.

It was very odd indeed that the enemy should know so much.

President Lebrun's visits to the front were kept highly secret. But the enemy always knew the arrangements well in advance!

If the President of France, M. Lebrun, were due to visit the front line to inspect his troops, only half a dozen of the highest officers knew of the arrangements in advance.

But the enemy always knew. And the enemy took care to show that it knew.

If a regiment were moved up to the Maginot Line in the greatest secrecy, it was immediately welcomed through the enemy's loudspeakers or by messages on banners hoisted from the German lines.

Yes, it was odd how much the enemy knew of French plans that were withheld from all but the most trusted servants of France.

It puzzled the Deuxieme Bureau. But one thing was clear—that man Dubois was really invaluable.

Then, on the eve of Whitsun, 1940, the storm burst.

It swept across France like waters from a shattered dam, because the enemy knew which were the soft spots of France.

Within three weeks the French army was routed, the last defence line before the capital was broken.

Paris was evacuated on June 9. The General Staff services, including the Deuxieme Bureau, moved south to Orleans.

Where was Dubois?

Commandant Dubois was one of the last to leave.

In his office at the War Ministry in the Rue St. Dominique, he stayed behind to burn papers and pack such files—lists of secret agents and their reports—that would be needed for the further prosecution of the war.

By nightfall his superior officers met at their new headquarters in Orleans.

They wondered where Commandant Dubois might be.

"He must have had engine trouble on the road," said one, and with that they were content for a while.

But he was still missing next day.

Then headquarters had to be moved farther south, for the enemy was still advancing.

The cool and clever commandant remained a mystery, and the authorities grew worried.

What had happened to him? And what was the fate of the all-important files?

But the confusion and despair brought by the Armistice made the affair seem less important—almost as unimportant as the deaths of the brave men who had been caught in Germany.

Three months went by before a French member of the Armistice Commission met Dubois in an ante-room of the Commission's building in Wiesbaden.

The pride of the Deuxieme Bureau was no longer a commandant in the French army. He was no longer even Dubois.

He wore a German uniform, with the broad red stripes of the German General Staff and the markings of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

The Frenchman had been his colleague in the Deuxieme Bureau. For a moment he was stupefied.

Then, infuriated by the colonel's ironical smile, he had to fight an impulse to fly at his throat.

He could only mutter: "You swine—you traitor!"

The colonel ceased to smile. He said haughtily, "I a traitor? I never ceased to serve *my* country. It was your job to discover my real identity, not mine to disclose it to you."

He added, more easily: "I risked my head for more than fifteen years by working with you. And you must admit I supplied you with useful tit-bits—though, of course, they were only the things that my General Staff wanted you to know.

"I don't think they were quite so useful as the stuff I was able to send to Germany. . . ."

Faces Vendetta

Such was the report with which the excited Frenchman burst open the door of General Huntziger, the War Minister in Vichy, a few days later.

It has been brought to Britain by an expert on the personnel of the Continental espionage services who has just arrived in this country from Vichy France.

And so the story of ex-Commandant Dubois, pride of the Deuxieme Bureau and of Admiral Canaris' German Intelligence Service, can now be outlined for the first time.

Will it ever be fully told?

If Herr Oberleutnant T. survives the war and writes his autobiography, it should certainly be one of the best thrillers of the century.

But he will probably not survive it.

A group of patriotic French officers have sworn to kill him as soon as the opportunity arises.

THEY WAGE WAR ON BOTTLENECKS

WAR industry's "Shock Battalions" are going into action. On the sectors where they are working the casualties among bottlenecks have been considerable.

Cream of the Shock Troops are the N.I.M.S.—National Industrial Mobile Squads—formed by the Ministry of Supply as an engineering force which can be rushed to factories all over the country

★ ★ ★

Their job is to pep up production.

To use their expert skill in nursing new factories past their teething troubles.

To prepare new machines for new women workers, and the workers for the machines.

To iron out bottlenecks.

They seldom stay longer than thirty days at any works. Then they collect their tools, and their suitcases, and move on to the next—perhaps at the other end of the country.

They are not the only Shock Troops in the arms industry.

Not long ago the R.A.F. temporarily released several thousands of their most skilled fitters, mechanics and electricians. Still wearing their uniforms and overalls, they stormed into our aircraft factories—and works managers say that the bottlenecks disappeared before them.

★ ★ ★

In individual factories volunteer Storm Troop squads have tackled many "impossible" jobs, and brought them off.

Recently a north-west works received an urgent call for tools, needed to make arms for Russia.

Normally the job would have taken three weeks. It had to be done in four days.

It was.

There is even a flying squad scheme for machinery.

Sometimes a factory finds itself short of machine tools to complete a war job. Nowadays the manager can ring up the local Government "clearing centre" and ask for reinforcements of tools to be rushed to his works.

At the centre daily reports of tools temporarily idle come in from other factories. Within hours a near-by "rich" factory can have supplied the temporarily "starved" factory.

This scheme, which aims at 100 per cent. use of all tools, is said to have smashed 4,000 production bottlenecks

★ ★ ★

It seems that the Civil Service can fit itself to the new rush régime. As an example, there was the one-man-hurricane from the Ministry of Supply—a five-foot-high, middle-aged London suburbanite—who arrived at a Scottish arms factory on a routine visit just as a snow-blizzard downed power and 'phone wires.

"Mr. Jones"—anonymity is insisted on—called in the Army, the R.A.F., the Navy, Home Guard, police, railways, the Post Office, and the Lifeboat Service.

And he got the factory in full production in less than three days.

Mr. Jones didn't get much sleep.

But when the factory was working again he "started on the job I'd gone up to do."

We need more men like the Nims—

THE PERIL OF IN

With the Japanese at the gates of India the position needs to be faced starkly—not because the worst is inevitable, but because urgent realisation of the danger is needed if we are to act with the speed that is vital.

Says A. G. GARDINER

TWO perils have assumed startling gravity as the result of the sensational successes of the Japanese in the Pacific. One is the serious deterioration of our position at sea. For the first time since Trafalgar our naval supremacy is challenged.

And consequent upon that challenge the fate of India is in the balance as it has never been since Napoleon set out to conquer it and came to grief in the Battle of the Nile and at Acre.

The peril to-day is as unexpected as it is formidable. Hitherto we have looked for trouble to India only from the West. That trouble still threatens.

In Hitler's vast scheme of world conquest India is one of his main objectives. The battle of the Caucasus, which is imminent, will be fought, not only for oil, but for the seizure of the key to India.

* * *

Now, with almost lightning suddenness, a new and more instant danger threatens India from the east.

The headlong rush of the Japanese to the South Pacific, their advances in the East Indies and Burma, and, above all, the capture of Singapore, has brought them within striking range of India.

Hitler is still far off on the shores of the Black Sea. Between him and his goal lie the snowy Caucasus, the might of the Russian army, and our own formidable and growing power in Persia.

BUT THE JAPANESE ARE AT THE GATES OF INDIA BY SEA AND LAND. THEY ARE HAMMERING AT THE BURMA GATE BY LAND. THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MALACCA THEIR SUBMARINES AND WARSHIPS AND TRANSPORTS HAVE UNOBSTRUCTED ACCESS TO THE INDIAN OCEAN AND THE SHORES OF INDIA.

In months, even in weeks, we may hear that the first invasion of India by a foreign foe that has taken place since it became a part of the British Empire has begun.

General Sir Archibald Wavell, once again C.-in-C. in India, has the advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the military resources of the country

Such is the velocity, the daring, the momentum of this nation of Robots that we can set no limits to their aim.

They have been preparing for their terrific adventure for forty years. They know that their only chance of clinching the business is to get the knock-out blow in before the overwhelming power of the United Nations can be mobilised.

It may be that the next blast of the whirlwind will be directed against Australia, but I think not. That can be left for a later phase.

It is India which is the world's greatest prize. Who holds that holds the key position of the Eastern world and dominates Asia and the Indian Ocean to the Suez and the Cape.

With India and Burma in Japanese hands, the long ordeal in China would be over. Chiang Kai-shek would be caught between Tojo's pincers east and west.

His only contact with the outside world would be through the road into Russia, and that in the circumstances of to-day would be useless. He would be crushed into surrender. And to the four hundred million of enslaved Chinese, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the tiger race, would be added another four hundred million of mild Hindoos, equally helpless and equally enslaved.

* * *

The Rising Sun indeed! I have put the danger starkly, not because I believe the nightmare will be realised, but because it may be realised if we do not face it starkly and act instantly.

In view of the tornado that has swept the Pacific since December 7 we cannot rule out anything as beyond the region of the possible. And the naked fact, I repeat, is that the Japanese are already at the gates of India.

And India finds herself suddenly and appallingly vulnerable. She is faced with a menace that until three months ago had never been contemplated.

Four hundred million people almost entirely unwarlike lived secure from attack under one protection—the British Navy.

So long as that Navy was unchallengeable at sea no harm could come to India. There was no need for an Indian navy. There was no need for an Indian army.

A few thousand British soldiers and a small Indian army composed of the more military races were all that were necessary for internal order. No great arsenals. No great fortresses. India was, except for her internal discontents, a garden of perpetual peace.

Now comes the rude awakening. For the moment the sea-power of Britain and her allies has been breached in a most critical field. A combination of circumstances—the devilish inventions of science, the desertion of France and an avalanche of Satanism in the world—have found our weak spot.

And India—again for the moment—is well-nigh defenceless against the peril as was Great China for five years.

And what do we see? A nation roused from its sleep to a sense of its immense danger and rising to meet it, as China met hers, with heroic and determined purpose?

No. We see a nation absorbed in a discussion about the measure of self-government it enjoys and the measure it insists on having.

THE BEAST FROM THE JUNGLE IS UPON THEM. BUT THE QUESTION IS WHETHER DOMINION STATUS SHOULD BE CONCEDED NOW WHILE THE TIGER IS ABOUT TO SPRING OR LATER—WHEN HE HAS SPRUNG.

Those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first drive mad. Here is madness indeed.

It is not that the Indians are under any illusions about the tiger. Even the most passionate opponent of co-operation with Britain in the war, Mr. Nehru, is as hostile to Nazism and the Axis as we are.

He loathes Hitlerism. His sympathies are with China and he rejoices in the heroic struggle which that great people are putting up against the tiger.

But he will have nothing to do with Britain. Let India perish, let it fall a prey to Japan rather than surrender a fraction of its claim to an immediate independence.

I do not propose to apologise for the history of our government of India. There are blots on our copy-book, but taken as a whole I venture to say that it has been as just, honest and beneficial an administration as any in history.

Under it India has enjoyed a peace and

A Merchant Seam

WE have told you many stories about petrol.

About thousands of cars waiting at race meetings and dog tracks.

About reptiles who can always tell you where to get a little more than your petrol ration—"At a price, old boy. You have to pay for the risk."

The risk, yes. For our this week's petrol story, told by the chief engineer of the s.s. Empire Gold, *a tanker, also deals with a risk!*

* * *

We left —— with 12,500 tons of petrol in our tanks bound for —— to start convoy.

I, unfortunately, was one of five engineers who had to work without break through two days and two nights of ferocious weather repairing the steering engine, which was entirely out of commission.

So we were able to proceed to —— to join convoy.

Well, after four days we had to fall out of convoy because we had developed serious engine trouble.

Making good that breakage meant seven days and nights of continuous work—work without halt, work without sleep. During all that time we were alone, a steady target for any submarine.

We managed to ... But we were alone ... what is more, we ... at a much redu... meant added dang...

Four hundred m... of Ireland we brok...

That repair took ... days. I will not d... of it.

We could recogn... voice alone, as o... absolutely ghastly.

Everybody ... was stripped to the ... was matted to... couldn't have re... Rank couldn't hav...

We effected ... twenty-five days a... the fourth engine... way to the boiler-...

*

We had to pass ... of escaping steam ... joints. We had ... down ... at the ex... mutilated flesh on ... ing from super-h... temperature of ... 900 degrees Fahr.

Five of us collap... room. Collapsed.

NDIA

security that no other part of the world has enjoyed in equal measure for as long a time.

But the time of tutelage is over and the overwhelming opinion of this country is in favour of the concession to India of the same status as that enjoyed by the other great dominions.

But so vast a change, involving a country nearly as big as Europe, with a population greater than that of Europe, with strong racial hostilities and speaking a multitude of different languages, cannot be made with a stroke of the pen in the midst of the agonies of these times.

The utmost goodwill will still be needed to supplement the Government's new assurances about the future status of India.

And in the meantime let us throw upon a representative executive of Indians the task of mobilising the resources of their great country for the defence of its life and liberties against the tiger that may soon leap upon it.

The hour is late. There is not a moment to lose.

So far as we are concerned, we can face the consequences with a firm mind and clear conscience. The British Empire will not emerge from this war in its old shape.

It will, I hope, be merged into a vaster system in which we shall be both more and less.

IT IS NOT THE BRITISH EMPIRE THAT THE WORLD NEEDS. IT IS THE ENGLISH SPIRIT—THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, OF TOLERANCE, OF JUSTICE, AND OF GOOD WILL TO MEN —THAT IS OUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE GOVERNMENT OF MANKIND.

And if that spirit breathes through the new world that is being shaped in the furnace now we shall have no reason to worry about the structure of the British Empire. That, too, will be right.

man Comes Home

epair our defects. n the ocean. And could only steam ed speed, which r.

miles off the coast down again. us another four ell on the details

se each other by appearance was

pective of rank, waist. Our hair ether. Brother gnised brother. recognised rank. repair. Then, er leaving ——, and I made our ops.

*

through volcanoes from stretched o "shut the job ense of severely our bodies, result- ated steam at a something like

ed in the engine- And we were all hollow-eyed through lack of sleep and nutrition, and too tired to stir our tongues to talk to one another.

We were *not* torpedoed. We got our cargo home—12,500 tons of it for our tanks and 'planes, and not a gallon short.

If there was something left for the private motorist I hope he used it decently.

* * *

We had a drink. Sailors do.

When the barman called "Time, gentlemen, please," there was a rush for taxis.

Scores of taxis were waiting, on order. And why should five humble engineers from a tanker, whose story isn't one-half as heartbreaking as those of thousands of lads who serve "down below," raise a protest?

As I say, let the private motorist who uses with decency the bit the nation has to spare still offer thanks for the concession.

But this is not decent. These people used taxis to get the last half-hour's drinking. To take blondes home.

Thoughtless people. I won't say worse of them, for I don't like judging my fellow-man. Thoughtless.

But surely, in God's name, they can be made to remember?

NAZIS and Fascists have been quarrelling recently as to who is in command in Libya.

The Italians ventured to announce that Rommel was actually the subordinate of an Italian general.

Retorted the Nazi Press, contemptuously: "General Rommel is, of course, supreme commander of all forces fighting in the Libyan desert!"

This futile Italian attempt to remind the world that they, too, are in the war is symptomatic. Most of us have almost forgotten that we are also fighting Italy.

But while we need not bother much about Italians as fighters, we shouldn't overlook the tremendous and vital rôle which Germany intends Italy shall play in the next stages of the war.

Base for Bombers

It is from an Italian base that Malta is pounded by bombers night and day.

Naples has been turned into the principal supply centre for Rommel. Stukas take off from Sicilian airfields to attack the Mediterranean Fleet.

Rommel's survival, Hitler's hope to dominate the Mediterranean, his drive against Suez, all depend on Italy.

The Italians are anxiously hoping for some such German successes. Make no mistake: the jackal is, once more, waiting for the Nazi animal to carry out the kill.

Italy licks its lips in anticipation of its share.

To get it, they have surrendered what is left of their national dignity; have submitted completely.

An almost pitiful picture emerges from Goering's recent visit to Italy.

The German Ambassador in Italy, Mackensen, promoted to high S.S. rank like Nazi gauleiters in occupied countries, received the fat Field-Marshal at the station in Rome. Members of the "German Mission" came to greet him.

Back Seat for Musso

Goering shook hands cordially with the German Air Field-Marshal Kesselring, who has established his headquarters in Italy. Then he inspected a "German" guard of honour.

This, though Mussolini and Ciano were there as well!

Goering was entertained at banquets by Germans only—by Mackensen, Kesselring, the German Mission.

"Italian officials were also present," says a German report.

Goering put the finishing touches on German military preparations in Italy. He visited German military units. Only sometimes was he accompanied by Italian officers.

But if prominent Italians had to keep in the background, Italian bases and Italian strategic positions loomed large in Goering's conception.

What forces Germany can spare from Russia are slowly being poured into Italy.

Germany daren't leave such vital links in its strategic plans in the unreliable hands of Italians.

That is why Air Field-Marshal Kesselring is to-day virtual military dictator of Italy—and Kesselring, notorious for his attack on Coventry, is Germany's most ruthless airman.

Goering inspecting members of the Luftwaffe stationed in Sicily, during his recent visit to Italy

Nazis Make Their Jackals Work

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

His chief *aide* is a German naval airman, General Geissler, former commander of all German naval air units, who was in charge of German air-sea operations against Norway in 1940.

You can rely on Geissler to order the Italian fleet into action whenever it suits.

Paratroops Ready

More sinister German is Air General Student, commander of German paratroops in Holland, organiser of the Nazi attack on Crete.

Student's 7th Paratroop Division is now in Italy, ready, maybe, for a command to attack Egypt.

Who, therefore, can fail to recognise the part Italy is meant to play?

There is the Italian "Ariete" Division which Rommel employs on secondary tasks. Most glorious feat of the Ariete (which means "ram") was the capture of twenty-six British prisoners!

Italian generals in Russia never receive Italian decorations. If they are lucky, and survive, they get an Iron Cross from Hitler.

But the Nazis are not very anxious to have the world's worst soldiers fighting for them. They prefer Italians to be sent to Germany.

And, though Italy is short of labour herself, 300,000 have been ordered to Germany, among them 40,000 steel workers whom Italy can ill afford to spare, and nearly 100,000 agricultural workers badly wanted to produce food for Italy.

For the food position in Italy is desperate. My authority is a German economic expert writing in a leading German paper.

Harvest Failures

Bread, macaroni, spaghetti, cereals — almost everything is rationed and short. An agricultural experiment has cost Mussolini the 1939 and 1940 harvest, and the 1941 harvest was a great disappointment.

Yet Germany is still importing from Italy olive oil, maize, fats—squeezing out her Axis ally to the last ounce.

It was possible only by "occupying" Italy as thoroughly as she has occupied Poland, Czechoslovakia or Norway.

Mussolini, aged, ill, weak, was forced to sack the few remaining independent Fascist officials, replacing them with young men who have learned Nazi methods in Germany, and are prepared to obey German orders dumbly.

The General Secretary of the Fascist Party is a mere Nazi-minded boy of twenty-six.

By the elbow of every one of these stooges sits a ruthless German official.

The Italian Home Office is run according to S.S. Black Guard methods. In the Italian Ministry of Labour, German labour experts direct the flow of Italian workers to Germany.

Directed by Clodius

Italy has, of course, no foreign policy of her own, and her economic policy—"everything down to the smallest detail has been planned," says the German paper *Volkswirt*—is directed by Herr Clodius, of Germany!

But Italian people have frozen all through this winter because these "plans" went wrong.

Germany had undertaken to supply Italy with coal. But "the vast German transport movements for the war in the west and the war in the east have created tremendous difficulties for coal transports to Italy," to quote a German source again.

Now transport of German war material to German troops in Italy takes precedence. The Italians will have to wait for their coal. They even have to close down their industries for lack of it. Electricity is rationed. Italian factories stand idle.

Yes, it is a pitiful, a despicable position in which Italy finds herself to-day.

But let that not blind you to the excellent use to which the Germans are putting their degraded, humiliated, starving and enslaved ally.

Do not forget the greed and the lust of power which animates the Fascist leaders who have sold their country to Germany.

That is why, if we want to hit Germany, we must hit hard at Italy now!

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

WAR WORKERS USED FOR PRIVATE JOBS

THE severest penalties it is possible for any judge to pass must henceforth be inflicted upon people who, engaged on important war work, misuse their positions for private gain.

Such arrant saboteurs deserve no pity, and punishment should be meted out without regard to rank or station.

Investigations just completed by one of my representatives show that the majority of persistent offenders have not even been caught.

Glaring cases have been officially "met with" by dismissal or the mere loss of privileges.

Mr. A. W. Garrett, Chief Inspector of Factories, will have to be ruthless if this scandal is to be stamped out

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

Slowly Awakening

There are signs at last that some Government officials are waking up to the extent of the irregularities going on in factories and workshops.

More police attention, too, is being focussed on this growing scandal.

In a protracted inquiry which has recently been conducted at a number of war-work establishments in Southern England, and about which I must necessarily be vague, several picked Scotland Yard officers acted as munition workers.

Losses of materials had been heavy, and mostly benefited private individuals to whose premises they were diverted.

At one factory private cars are constantly dismantled and repaired with materials paid for by the Government and intended only for essential war work.

In different parts of the country timber is regularly used in the interests of people occupying good "key" positions, or by friends willing to pay them secretly for the illicit supplies in the knowledge that they are reasonably "safe."

In one case brought to my notice repeated allegations led to an inquiry, and statements taken from unbiased workers show that for nearly a year the most widespread abuses had gone on without detection.

Government materials and workmen, including engineers, carpenters, labourers and painters, have been regularly used for private purposes. Large sums of money are involved.

Built Luxury Shelter

In one instance a roomy underground shelter was erected, lined choicely with plywood, and fitted with electric light, water-basin, food facilities, bunks and cabinets!

Men went from a local factory day after day to do this work, just as though they were rightly engaged on their regular tasks!

In some Royal Ordnance factories the gravest abuses are taking place, and vigilance to stop them is becoming urgently necessary.

At one, parts used to repair private cars were manufactured in adjacent tool rooms for weapons of war.

Timber for Friends

Timber has been constantly delivered in Government vehicles to "private sites," where it has been used for the erection of huts, shelters, sheds, and black-out panels.

A prominent official in one ordnance establishment thought nothing recently of leaving his car in the machine-room for overhauling, and allowed a Government vehicle to take its cylinder-block away for reboring.

A relative's motor-cycle was similarly taken to pieces, overhauled, and re-enamelled.

In another case a large lorry was used, over a distance of 500 miles, for carting an official's personal effects. Whole of the cost fell upon the public purse, of course.

It is not uncommon, at another factory about which I have received the most categorical complaints, for lorries—and even ambulances—to be used to carry beer, other liquor and band instruments to dance-halls, sports grounds, and football matches.

Skilled workers have been kept away from some factories for weeks doing nothing but purely private work which is not entered in the official log books or ledgers.

Workmen's Food Stolen

Food and fuel intended for workers have also found their way to the private households of stewards, foremen, managers and their friends.

An official inquiry was recently begun into allegations that valuable metal lathes, drills and iron sheetings had been illicitly sold to private customers by people in authority at another establishment supposedly engaged on 100 per cent. war productions.

Recently in a leading North of England town, materials in short supply were used freely for the erection of concrete garden paths. The work was done by men from a local factory, and the materials were all from the local Government dump!

If an adequate official investigation was made into this problem, and evidence was sought from witnesses who at present so often fear victimisation, the widespread nature of this sabotage and theft would be quickly unmasked.

JOHN BULL is naturally pleased that its repeated demands for a tightening up of the laws concerning Black Market operations have, as was announced in the House of Commons last week, met with success.

We are just as anxious now to do everything possible to stamp out sabotage and other abuses in all factories engaged on war work.

Readers who have information on this subject which they feel ought to be looked into in the public interest can address it to me in confidence.

I will see that suitable action is taken wherever possible.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Miss Lilian G. Hemple, Kensington Court Gardens, London, W.8, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information of a useful character.

Readers are invited to communicate with me about any matter needing investigation or comment. Please mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

These are Less than Skin-Deep

FOR some time there has been a thriving racket in cosmetics and toilet preparations manufactured by unlicensed persons. Ridiculous prices are being charged for cheap brands of face powder and creams, a great deal of which is just rubbish.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Malcolm Hill, Chairman of the North-Eastern Region Price Regulation Committee, recently disclosed that a 3d. packet of rouge was being sold in Leeds at 1s., a new label having been pasted over the old one.

Certain unknown hair lotions sold at half-a-crown a bottle are made of common and harmful ingredients, and are being turned out in back rooms and in basement cellars

★ ★ ★

The recent rationing of soap came as a slightly unpleasant surprise to most people, and black market operators have also started racketeering in it. Several thefts of soap have already been reported in the London district.

Chemists are the chief victims, and lightning raids have cleared their shelves of the more expensive types of preparations.

Home work touts are also turning their attention to this new field of commerce, and an increasing number of advertisements are now appearing in local papers offering to teach applicants the art of making toilet requisites in their spare time.

"Make your own lipsticks, cream, rouge and vanishing cream," runs a typical announcement. "Full details and recipes supplied for 2s. 6d."

"Be beautiful without high-priced preparations," blurbs another. "Complete instructions for 2s."

★ ★ ★

One advertiser, Mr. R. P. Stuart, of Green Street, Rothes, Morayshire, offers a great assortment of courses, art books and money-making schemes.

For 2s. he promises lots of home-employment secrets, and talks about a new "toilet novelty which affords all the exhilarating effects of a bath in the sea."

In my opinion, people will be well advised to keep their cash in their pockets. Besides, the new regulations can easily be infringed by people foolish enough to be misled by such balderdash.

Men who Plan Battle of the Atlantic

"100-Ship Convoy Crosses Atlantic Safely."

DESPITE Hitler's U-boat offensive, we still read this sort of headline.

It is made possible by two factors: The bravery and skill of our seamen and R.A.F. escorts. *And* the meticulous organisation, planning and rehearsals against all emergencies which lie behind the Naval command known as "Western Approaches."

Somewhere on the north-west coast are two secret rooms—one of them far underground and guarded by fixed bayonets—in which the Battle of the Atlantic is planned and directed.

Overlooking the fortified "Operations" room sits Admiral Sir Percy Noble, C.-in-C. Western Approaches.

Through the huge glass wall of his office he looks down on the big control room staffed by fifty or more naval officers, airmen and Wrens.

As they plot the continuous stream of messages which pour in by radio and 'phone, the latest "results" in the Battle are marked up on the map which covers a whole wall of the Control Room.

Sea War in Miniature

Pins and flags of various colours denote convoys of various sizes, naval escorts of varying strength. Other pins indicate the known or suspected position of U-boats or raiders.

Nowadays many of the U-boat pins cluster near the American coast.

As fresh information comes in, attendants with ladders move the pins and flags. Sometimes they remove one. . . .

Within a few seconds of a torpedo attack on a convoy, the news has been flashed to Operations.

From his office the C.-in-C. can assess exactly the strength and position of our nearest naval units. Radio messages flash out again.

A thousand miles west our warships throw a "cordon" around the area. If they are lucky, a U-boat pin is removed from the map. . . .

In Sir Percy's little office the grand strategy of the Battle is planned.

Next door to it is a bedroom, where the C.-in-C. is supposed to sleep at nights. But few nights go by without his being roused.

The other room is that in which the "Convoy Conferences" are held. It is not unlike a board room.

Round its baize-covered table gather the men who are to sail, and protect, our convoys. Merchant captains on one side, naval escort men on the other.

Coached for Emergencies

In turn the naval experts rise to explain points in the bulky sailing orders and instructions placed before each merchant skipper. Routes, formations, "zigzag" tactics, signal codes are explained.

After each speaker, the merchant skippers—some of them old enough to be the grandfathers of the young men in uniform—ask a few gruff questions.

They know they must be "word perfect" before sailing. At sea, with a pack of U-boats or flight of bombers about them, there will be little time for comprehensive instructions.

The meeting may last two hours. Then the men rise, and mingle in little groups, talking "shop."

It may be the last time some of them will ever meet.

But they know that everything possible has been done to plan a safe passage for the convoy, that "Operations" will be watching over them the whole time.

The rest is up to them and to their men.

STRANGER THAN FICTION • • • By WALDO KELLER

The Old Lady from Bisley

The Baron took some of it out and examined it. It was perfectly good gold currency

HE was known by a flash name which I shall call "Ritz." I am not publishing his real name—or, rather, the name by which he was generally known—because he swore that he was going to lead an honest life.

He was a confidence trickster who, in his hey-day, had brought off big coups.

At the period when Ritz was making his display of regret for a misspent life, he used to frequent a bar favoured by newspaper men. I made his acquaintance there.

One day I said to him: "You live, or have lived, on human credulity. Now, which class of people—generally speaking—would you describe as being the most easily deceived of all?"

Without hesitation, he replied: "The criminal classes are more easily caught than any other. You see, a crook gets the habit of looking upon the world as peopled by mugs.

"And so he fools himself, quite often, more than he fools the rest of the world. Did you ever hear of Baron Betzendorfer?"

And Ritz told me this story:

★ ★ ★

He wasn't a real baron (said Ritz), but he looked like one. He was a German, of military bearing, marvellously dressed in the most perfect taste, with a cropped head, a monocle, and a great Hindenburg moustache.

He was a clever crook. I worked with him on several jobs.

It was Betzendorfer and I who took £20,000 off that Australian millionaire in Paris in 1922.

In the late 1930's, Betzendorfer and I found ourselves without much money in London. We had fallen down on a job: a certain rich American had got wise to us.

We wanted to get out of England if possible. Anyway, we had to remain inconspicuous for a while, so we went to stay in a cheapish hotel in Bloomsbury.

Betzendorfer and I had been there only three days when a new guest arrived. It was a little old lady from the country.

She was the most timid little creature you could possibly imagine. I rather liked her—there was something old-world about her.

We got into conversation in the lounge. She said her name was Mrs. Emily Clarke, and that she was the widow of a Baptist minister. She had a cottage near Bisley, where she lived all alone.

She was very poor, she said, and had come up to London to get some money. The poor old lady had the queerest ideas about London.

She'd only been here once before, in the year of the Coronation of George the Fifth, and then only for a day.

But she'd read all about it, and she knew, she said, how the town was full of crooks of all kinds . . . and how you must trust nobody, not even the police.

She was staying only overnight, and returning early next day, as soon as she had found a shop.

"What kind of shop?" asked the Baron.

"After a lot of timid hesitation, she said: "A shop where they buy money."

"I don't quite understand," said the Baron.

THEN she went on to explain how she had seen the advertisements of those people who were offering thirty-odd shillings for a golden sovereign. Her husband had left some money in gold. She had saved it for thirty years. But now, needing cash very desperately, she had to sell her sovereigns.

Baron Betzendorfer was on her like a leopard. "You must be careful," he said. "Very careful. I suppose you have as many as twenty or thirty sovereigns, and that is a lot of money."

She, very proud, replied: "I've got three hundred, sir." And she opened her big handbag and took out a little lacquered box which she opened with a key. There were the 300 sovereigns all right.

The Baron said: "When I say that you must be careful, I mean that you must be careful, madam, not to fall into a trap."

She became very pale. "Trap?" she said.

"I mean a police trap," said the Baron. "You may not know it—a lot of people do not—but it is illegal to possess gold currency now. Those advertisements are designed to get people to produce hoarded gold. The Government confiscates it.

"But what shall I do?" she said, and began to cry. "This is all I have in the world."

I TOOK the Baron aside, and said: "Lay off."

He said: "Go to hell! This is as easy as taking milk from a baby."

I said: "Too much like taking milk from a baby. I don't like taking milk from a baby. I'll have no part in this."

"More fool you," said the Baron.

And this is what happened:

The Baron sat and talked sympathetically with little Mrs. Clarke. She was devilishly upset.

"I have a friend in Hatton Garden," said Betzendorfer. "I'll see him this very day. Perhaps he may be able to help you."

"Hatton Garden," she said. "That sounds very pretty. I love gardens. You must come and see my garden. I have the prettiest irises in the neighbourhood, and three beautiful rose trees."

So Baron Betzendorfer pretended to see his friend, and came back with a cock-and-bull story about gold.

"No reputable dealer will touch golden sovereigns," he said. "The police confiscate them. It's unfair!"

"But my three hundred sovereigns! What's to become of them?" Mrs. Clarke cried. Then she thought for a while and said: "I'd better take them to the police myself. But it's cruel . . . it's very cruel. . . ."

"And lose everything?" said the Baron.

"What else can I do?" she asked. And she took out her lacquer box of sovereigns and opened it, and looked at the neat rows of gold, and cried again.

The Baron took another good look at the money; took some of it out and examined it. It was perfectly good gold currency.

"I'll tell you what," he said, handing back the gold. "I'll handle it myself. I'll take a chance with it. I hate to see a fine and honourable lady cheated by an unjust law. Have no fear. I'll risk handling your gold."

"How?"

"Sell it to me," said the Baron.

"But I couldn't let you risk losing your money!" she cried.

"Madam," he said, with his best bow, "it will be a pleasure to serve you."

"But £300 is a great deal of money, sir!"

"Madam, the odds are three to one against my ever realising cash for your sovereigns. So I'll tell you what I am prepared to do. I will give you one-third of their face value—that is, £100 in notes for your illegal sovereigns."

"But you might lose your £100!"

"That is the risk I, as a gambler, am prepared to take."

"You are too kind to a poor old woman!"

"It is part of my character to be kind." And the Baron took out all the money he had in the world—twenty fivers.

The old lady took out the lacquer box, looked at the sovereigns, looked at the paper-money closed the box and put it back in her bag, shaking like a leaf.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I'm doing something wrong. Perhaps I'm cheating the Government."

BARON BETZENDORFER coaxed, cajoled, persuaded. At last she took out the lacquer box, gave it to him, hastily crammed the notes into her bag, and almost ran away.

The Baron came up to our room laughing in his unpleasant way. "£525 cash for £100!" he said, pitching the box on the bed. "What a country mouse of an old girl she was! Milk from a baby, by heaven!"

He looked more Prussian than ever. He opened the box. I saw his face go red, then white. I looked over his shoulder

The red lacquer box looked like a big mouth laughing In it there lay a couple of rouleaus of those round lead weights dressmakers use to make costumes hang straight.

The Baron had paid £100 for sixpennyworth of metal. The old lady had caught Betzendorfer with the oldest trick in the world. Yes, the mouse had bitten the cat!

We never saw her again.

DON'T BREAK THE PAPER-CHAIN!

FROM now on YOU MUST NOT WASTE PAPER.

You are threatened with anything up to two years' imprisonment or £500 in fines if you do.

You may use it for a "reasonable purpose"—which is not defined.

Certainly you may light a fire with it, for that is made clear. But you won't—if you know of an alternative method.

But the point is: you *must* save paper.

Don't be ruled by fear of imprisonment. Be guided by your sense of fair play. The moment you have read a letter, opened a parcel, read your copy of JOHN BULL or your morning newspaper, remember the sailors who brought the raw material to Britain, and their wives and mothers who don't want to lose them making unnecessary journeys.

And remember this about paper:

It is a material that can be used over and over again.

Yesterday it was a famous lawyer's brief. To-day it is JOHN BULL. To-morrow it is a cigarette carton.

Next time it should be a shell container, or an integral part of a mine.

It is not lost to the war effort until *you* decide that you can't be bothered to salve it.

In war time it should be the aim of every one of us to give it the maximum number of uses.

The man or woman who breaks the chain helps to lose the war.

And, by the way, is there waste of paper—or other essential war commodities—in your street?

If so, get yourself appointed as salvage steward of the street. It is a real war-winning job.

Go to your local council office. Or write. And, at once, you will be in a position to have a real smack at Hitler.

Human Machine

MAKING SURE

Something new! Something fresh! New blood! New ideas! You can hardly pass a day without having some such slogan dinned into your ears.

Year in and year out, someone or other is to be found yelling that what mankind wants is new ideas.

Is it?

There is no great virtue in an idea just because it happens to be new.

Neither is there any great smell round an idea just because it happens to be old.

You see it doesn't need a genius to think up an idea. Almost anyone can do it. The merest glance at the files of the Patents Office will confirm that statement.

What does need genius—or a near relative of genius—is the ability to think up a practical idea, an idea that will work, do something, produce something, help somebody.

That isn't something almost anyone can do. It's something hardly anyone can do.

If you can think up a new idea, do so; but don't be disheartened or discouraged if people refuse to fall on your neck and hail you as a genius.

If your idea is good it will win in the end.

If it isn't—it is just as well to have it pointed out in time.

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

MISCHIEF-MAKING MUMMERS

By HUMANIST

FORTUNE-TELLERS always reap a harvest during war time. What they tell their clients is mostly harmless in the case of single girls, to whom they predict marriage.

But when they are dealing with a married woman they warn her of the "other woman," and occasionally they make serious mischief in this and other ways, as the following letters will show:

A few years ago (*writes a man*) **a great friend of mine while on holiday visited a palmist, who told her that her line of life was short and that she would die at an early age.**

Two years ago my friend fell ill, and although the doctors proved to her with X-ray plates that there was nothing wrong with her, she is still ill.

A fortnight ago she confessed to me that she cannot sleep at nights owing to what the palmist had told her. She has been secretly worrying about it ever since, and says she will not be convinced till she knows of a person with a short line of life who is already middle-aged.

I am writing to you to ask whether it is possible to foretell the future.

If you say "Yes," I shall keep it from her, but if you can dispel her fears you will put her on the road to good health again.

Frankly, I do not believe it is possible to predict the future, because I cannot believe that the future is all mapped out in advance. If it were, we could not praise or blame anybody for anything—for winning a V.C. or committing a murder.

But there is a more direct way of dealing with this problem.

Is there any reader over forty years of age who was threatened with early death owing a short life-line? I should like to know. It would save the necessity of explaining one's whole philosophy of the universe.

HERE is another letter, which comes from a woman reader:

I expect you will say that my sister-in-law is a fool (*she writes*). **She is worrying her head off because she suspects her husband of carrying on with some blonde or other. She went to a palmist not long ago and was told to beware of such a woman, who was too friendly with my brother.**

It is all nonsense. I know my brother too well to believe that. But if this kind of thing goes on much longer there will be trouble in the home.

My sister-in-law's latest is that even before she went to the palmist she had a shrewd suspicion of what was going on! How can I convince her that she is acting like an idiot?

I have had many similar letters from married men who have been unjustly accused of "goings-on" because a palmist has suggested the idea.

But there is one illuminating sentence in the letter which explains everything. *The writer's sister-in-law had a suspicion before she visited the palmist!* I have no doubt she suggested the idea to the palmist, who cleverly told her what she expected to hear.

Half the people who consult fortune-tellers give broad hints about themselves. Keep a poker face and say nothing, and you will be fobbed off with vague statements.

NOW I want to quote a passionately written letter about an entirely different subject.

I have been an interested reader of your columns in JOHN BULL for a long time (*the writer begins*). **When I see all the problems which married folk send you I want to say to them: "Be happy just because you are married."**

I am fifty-two and earn a good salary, but when I was a young woman I missed a happy marriage through hastiness and a strained home-life. I was healthy and full-blooded. I wanted children of my own—and wanted them badly.

But I sacrificed much to an "invalid" mother, who is now eighty-seven! I was middle-aged before I left her.

How I wish that some decent man, blinded or disabled in the war, a man between forty-five and fifty-five, would take me as his wife. Folk would consider me indecent if they heard all this. But why? It is natural to want to marry, isn't it?

This letter is pathetic. The writer was so obviously intended to be a wife and mother, but like hundreds of others she was sacrificed to a delicate mother, who exploited good nature by acting the invalid.

But there is one comment I would like to make. There is nothing indecent or improper in confessing to having perfectly normal instincts—the desire for marriage and a family.

Victorian women may have pretended to having no such thoughts, but it could have been nothing but hypocrisy.

DIRE DECISION

WE'RE not standing for all these defeats any more, all pleasures must end till we've ended this war. *All Easy-Time Pickers will now have to go and the stage will be stripped for the Final Big Show. We've finished with all these Safety-Job Zones for Lord This-and-That and for Plain-Funker Jones.*

ALL Luxury Deals must immediately cease, there's no self-comfort road that will lead us to Peace. We're going all out as NEVER BEFORE, for this half-measure method won't Win us the War. And political statements won't cut any ice, for we're far beyond words bought at such a high price.

WE'RE ready to work, and to toil, and to weep, but By GOD! we're not ready passively to creep after Events with the desolate cry that "before hopeless odds our men had to die!" Nor are we content to stand dumbly aside while in grim little sections Old Methods are tried.

WE know we've the Power for ONE ORGANISED WHOLE which will Save the Whole World and BRING US OUR GOAL. And this we will Use with our strength and our Might till we capture the Victory that now LOOMS IN SIGHT.

J. M.

Hitler Forgot the

SMITH FAMILY, MOSCOW: It is "Mrs. Smith"—otherwise Mrs. Petrov, of Moscow—and all the other women of the Soviet whom Hitler left out of his calculations when he launched his attack on Russia.

By JOHN CASHEL

RELAXING her robust figure in a modern-style easy chair before the dining-sitting-room fire in her cramped flat in Smolensky Boulevard, average Mrs. Petrov, of Moscow—the woman Mrs. Smith, of London, wants to know—is enjoying her rest day.

Her hair is plainly but neatly brushed back from the forehead, as she has no time for the beauty parlour queues.

She wears a thick woollen jacket and skirt. A shawl is tightly drawn round her shoulders.

The only few lumps of coal she could scrape together flicker out a faint cheerfulness from the grate. The central heating is more central than hot.

Fuel for domestic fire or furnace is painfully scarce. Saving it is a crusade.

Mrs. Petrov can take it!

At thirty-six she is young enough to be one of the millions who have graduated as Soviet physical culturists. Her six days of sixty-six hours at the tank factory, week in and week out, have neither paled nor pinched her.

"Little Mother" daughter Anna squats on the hearth-rug, with one eye reading her favourite Shakespeare and the other watching baby Nina sprawled before the fire.

Mrs. Petrov does not think it odd that husband and son are absent from this restful domestic scene, working the seventh day at the factory.

Her Magazines

She flicks over a page of the favourite magazine she is reading, *Obshchestvennitsa* (Woman Social Worker).

In this, and in the still more popular magazine reposing in her lap, *Rabotnitsa* (Woman Worker), is mirrored more than merely the personal and home life of Mrs. Petrov and the millions like her.

Unlike Mrs. Smith, her opposite number in London, she revels in a mixture of politics and femininity.

She reads every word of an article on "Competitive Socialism," and of another on housing by one of the Soviet's 227 women M.P.s.

She doesn't think it queer that another, written in child language, is "for adults learning to read," knowing that these largely compose the 4½ per cent. of the population whom the Soviet claims remain illiterate compared with the 73 per cent. of Tsarist days.

Otherwise, as she turns over page after page, her home interests are revealed to be much the same as Mrs. Smith's.

A paper pattern from which to cut a smart dress of Westernised design, pyjamas or a child's frock—coupons and supplies permitting!

Experts advising on beauty culture, bringing up baby, war-time recipes for making rations go round. Embroidery. Family games, puzzles, crosswords. Short story. Latest books and plays.

Even toughened tank-worker Mrs. Petrov needs momentary relief from the amazing war-life of the Women Hitler Forgot—a war life that roars in the streets and factories outside and reverberates in city and town and village over thousands of miles from the near and far rear to the Battlefronts.

They Drive Anything

Down below her window, women are driving as well as conducting the buses and trams that rumble past.

They are many in the drivers' seats of tanks that thunder by for delivery to the Red Army.

They are steering the newly-forged tractors that crunch out to the collective farms of the Food Front.

They are driving many of the overcrowded, overladen trains that go out from the city's stations.

They are engineering the railways, rebuilding them where bombed. At many places they are stationmasters.

Mrs. Petrov thinks wistfully of the rest days when, with the family, she steamed out of Sokolniki station to the up-river villages in the Lenin Hills, teeming peace-time playground of the Muscovites.

Here she bathed in summer and skied in winter, and at all times went dancing mad in the club-houses for city workers that abound in the hills.

The Moscow District Railways on which she travels are controlled by a woman, Zinaida **Troitskaya**.

The Soviet once thought this novel enough to claim Zinaida as the world's first woman rail director.

Now, novelty having become commonplace, women everywhere are manning the Front Behind the Front, serving at the Front itself, and striking the guerilla's swift blow in the enemy's midst.

Up behind the advanced battle posts women surgeons are operating day and night under fire.

These Women in White are nothing unusual. **More than half the 120,000 doctors in the U.S.S.R. to-day—six times the total under Tsardom—are women. Thousands are at the Front. Hundreds have been killed there.**

Such women, in common with almost all Russians, have known the poverty, famine and hunger years. They are, like the women nurses who assist them, hard-bred.

Sometimes, with the battle-uniformed First-Aid nurses, they crawl into forward positions, give relief to the wounded, drag or carry them to safety if stretchers are unavailable.

Carrying the Wounded

Some have borne on their shoulders one by one as many as twenty wounded Red Army men in a single action, winning high Orders of the Union.

Only the heroic mixture of love of country and close-up experience of the Nazi Beast fully brings out such qualities.

They consider their job just as much routine as that of the Mrs. Petrovs who quietly visit the rear hospitals, writing letters for the wounded, washing, mending, darning for them when laundry staffs are short.

The First-Aid nurses frequently par-

Women

ute down among advanced Army nits. They regard it not as a feat but an ordinary means of transport.

They are some of the hundreds of housands of Soviet women who for ten ears or more before the war parachuted a pastime.

Foresight made it compulsory for stu- nts at Moscow University, and at very other college and secondary school the land, to learn another European anguage, usually German.

Knowing German and how to jump parachute have proved a useful com- ination, especially with an intelligent retty face added.

From the night sky many ex-student olunteers now drop into the enemy's idst to spy for the Red Army and for e partisan guerillas alike, eavesdrop- ing, dining and wining with German fficers. No honour is greater than serv- g the Motherland.

Other girl parachutists, having learned handle dynamite, descend behind the nes as saboteurs.

Average Mrs. Petrov has guerilla- omen relatives and friends in the vaged areas.

Women guerillas are the Soviet's only idely encouraged women combatants. talin specially addressed himself to em in his Order of the Day on the th Anniversary of the Red Army.

They are the Amazon descendants of ose who served in and even com- anded guerilla detachments when apoleon invaded Russia in 1812. "What land!" history credits him with saying. Even the women fight!"

These are the heroic highlights of ser- ce by women of the Soviet.

But the greatest weight of woman- ower being thrown against Hitler's rdes is wielded by the Mrs. Petrovs of e factories and the collective farms.

In large-scale industry and in the lds something like half the workers e women. In some factories there are ght of them to every two men.

All Breadwinners

They receive exactly the same wages their husbands for the same work. rs. Petrov is regarded as a bread- nner just as much as is Mr. Petrov. heir joint wages go into the family ool.

The whole Soviet economy is built on e basis that there are two or three age-earners of either sex in each mily.

In this way Stalin, with the greatest uman-power on earth—a population of 0,000,000—to play with, has half- oubled his man-power with woman- ower.

Farmtractor driving is a tough job. et of seven thousand drivers recently ained in the Cheliabinsk region, six housand were women.

The fire-engine that races past Mrs. Petrov's flat is driven by a woman. Three in every four who dug and built Moscow's emergency trenches, tank ditches, and barricades were women

Ordinary women, like Mrs. Petrov, now leading extraordinary war-time lives.

In normal times they vote by secret ballot at elections from the age of eighteen.

Up behind the advanced battle posts, women surgeons are operating day and night under fire

Free to Choose

They are by law free to go to church and free to oppose church-going.

Somehow they have attained what Dr. Lang, ex-Archbishop of Canterbury, described when praising Russia's successes as an "exaltation of the spirit."

How Petrov Family, Moscow, acquired some of that spirit, Smith Family, London, may be interested to know. So—

NEXT WEEK: Culture Out of Chaos.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHY NOT MORE RAIDS?

● The fuss made over one Commando raid near Havre was as great as though we had started a general invasion.

Actually, so small was the resistance that it would seem it was high time for constant raids on a larger scale.

We have been told that nearly all the best German troops in France have been sent to the Eastern Front.

Raid after raid right along the coast would compel Hitler to withdraw hundreds of thousands of men from Russia.

Then a Spring offensive by the Nazis might be made impossible.

TOO MANY TROOPS AT HOME?

● This question is complementary to the previous one.

Now certainly it is true that shortage of shipping prevents their wholesale removal to the East. Although this is understood, public opinion is tired of the "defensive spirit" in Whitehall, and wonders why Norway, from which we retreated at Narvik, when there was scarcely a German for miles, cannot be invaded, and why we cannot singe Hitler's moustache right along the French coast.

If this is impossible, trained troops should now be used for civilian work. We should be treated like a nation in arms, not as a lot of rival groups.

GAMING A MENACE?

● This war is no worse than the last, when there were similar roulette parties and luxury flats where chemin-de-fer was played.

All the present members of the Government were of adult age then. They knew what happene

Why have so few of the lessons of the last war been learned?

One reason for the high gambling is that the war spirit induces a craving for excitement.

The best way to stop it is to send to prison not only the people who run the parties but the people who play in them.

Until this is done, it will be regarded as a very harmless form of amusement.

Besides, why is it worse to have a sovereign on the turning up of a card than a sovereign on a horse or a greyhound?

While racing continues, gambling is officially recognised by the War Cabinet. After all, there is the Tote, you know, quite legal and quite respectable.

SPENDING TOO MUCH?

● People will go on spending until there is control by the Government.

The time for slogans and exhortations has long since passed.

It is all very well blaming shopkeepers for displaying, for instance, pictures, glassware, jewellery and gee-gaws. But those shopkeepers have to pay their rates and their taxes.

While they are allowed to trade, no one can blame them. Each individual considers his own business an essential. Anyway, it is essential to him

Besides, if a purchaser does not spend, the seller cannot get the money to save.

There are so many contradictions in our national policy that the masses are confused. They do not know what to do.

Besides, I do not notice that all the leading members of the Government set a very high example.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

THERE are few greater thrills than taking an aeroplane up on your own for the first time.

Add the alarming experience of an engine that cuts out in mid-air, and you have something you will never forget

Flight Cadet D. Carty, training at Arcadia, Florida, U.S., tells such a story in a letter to his parents at Cavendish Road, Highams Park, E.4:

My petrol tank registered full when I took off solo, and I had just climbed to 1,000 feet when my engine gave out.

I can't tell you how I felt. I checked everything, but everything was O.K. There I was, gradually losing height.

Below were the Florida orange groves. I tried for a road, but realised I couldn't make it. Then, at 400 ft., I saw a little strip of land about 100 yd. wide, next to a swamp

I glided down, manœuvring among pines, but unfortunately I hit one with the wing-tip. It knocked me sideways.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I did, however, keep her under control, and landed—although I hurt my back on the seat.

I was complimented on making such a good landing under difficulties. It wasn't my fault; the petrol gauge had stuck at "Full" when the tank wasn't full at all.

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIAN COMPLIMENT

Now an Australian's view of British boys who are learning to fly in his country. It is from Leading Aircraftman Beaumonth, Royal Australian Air Force, to Miss Betty Phillips, Skewen, near Neath, Glam.:

You people in Britain certainly know how to "take it," and I can tell you that your lads out here are doing a grand job.

We are training on Wirraways, the Australian-made machines, and they are very much like the Harvards your boys train on—although a bit tricky following the simple work of a Tiger Moth.

★ ★ ★

MINOR TRAGEDY

Sergt. Oakes, on active service in East Africa, rejoiced at the news that he and his comrades-in-arms were to have real rice-pudding for dinner—made with milk.

The tragic sequel is described in a letter to his uncle, Mr. Ellis Jones, of Stretford, Manchester:

At last the "boy" arrived with the pudding, all steaming. The lid was lifted. It appeared done to a turn. Orders had been carried out perfectly.

Then we tasted. Horrible! There was to be no rice pudding after all.

The boy regarded the milk as nothing more than the liquid you boiled the rice in. He then poured it all off—and filled to the top with water!

★ ★ ★

LOCAL COLOUR

How would you like to meet a fortune-teller who could tell you about your past with uncanny accuracy?

S. J. Gorsky (T/272631), of the R.A.S.C., has just received a letter from his brother, Sid, serving in the Near East, who had this surprising experience. It relates:

He had been telling other people their future, but when I went up he started to tell me my past—exact birthplace, school, names of members of the family and so on.

I was astonished, until he told me to put my head down near to his mouth, and whispered that he had met me in Liverpool many years ago, when he lived quite near to me and knew a lot about the family.

★ ★ ★

MALTESE FLASH

The East has its beauties—but they can be too dazzling in the view of a soldier friend who writes from Malta to Miss Eileen Payne, 8, Compton Terrace, Upper Street, Islington:

Nearly all the buildings here are constructed from huge blocks of light yellowish stone, which is hewn, or rather chipped, into perfectly symmetrical shape by workmen whose only tools are a large axe and a square to check up their work.

They reflect the sun to such an extent that, on bright days, they can be dangerous to unaccustomed eyes and make the wearing of tinted glasses desirable. Quite a number of Maltese have to wear them for this reason.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

ARISTOCRATS owe allegiance — if they don't give it wholeheartedly, should suffer that penalty imposed n soldiers: reduction to the ranks.—. S. A., Sidcup, Kent.

★ ★ ★

Six girls in my munition factory pend their time spraying red lacquer on he handles of tools that work quite as ell without paint. There's too much evotion to "sales points" in our war ndustries.—N.C., Ringinglow Road, heffield

★ ★ ★

Soap rationing, which presupposes hat the same quantity is needed by men who handle diamonds and men who do irty work, women who send everything o the laundry and wives who wash verything at home, and young babies who need vast quantities of clean linen and grown-ups who need little, is manifestly absurd.—Mrs. S. K. Tolley, Cricklade Street, Cirencester.

★ ★ ★

Yes, let's save electricity, as our electricity corporations suggest. Incidentally, one corporation showroom had bulbs glowing all day under twenty ornate lampshades, to attract you to buy.—R. A., Lancs.

★ ★ ★

If the Ministry of Supply cares to look round this part of London it will find householders who are replacing their metal gates with wooden ones—and carefully hiding the others away till the end of the war.—F. P., Landford Road, Putney.

WAR-TIME GUIDE FOR BATTERY USERS

W.MSC 47/41

THE MOTORIST

AVOID driving at night unless it is absolutely necessary. Before starting off, it is a good plan to sit in the driving seat for a minute or two to accustom your eyes to the darkness. Avoid driving on the white guiding line whenever possible. On country roads, especially, keep well clear of the verge to allow room for pedestrians or cyclists. See that the headlamp masks are correctly adjusted.

* *Please spare your car battery as much as possible—take even greater care of it. You will thus relieve pressure on a busy, vital industry.*

Exide BATTERIES

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

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"Two years ago I had a severe nervous breakdown. After taking Phosferine I soon picked up and gained strength, and above all, slept. I now take it whenever I feel fatigued or tired. My brother takes Phosferine, also my father and mother. A neighbour takes Phosferine for sleeplessness and another friend recently improved her health enormously. I can and *do* recommend Phosferine." *(Sgd.)* Miss E. T., Penzance.

Ten drops (or two tablets) of Phosferine will relieve fatigue and help you carry on. Every additional dose increases your strength. Ask your chemist for a bottle of this really great tonic to-day.

PHOSFERINE

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/4 & 3/3

(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

THE LAST LAUGH

L. H. (Haywards Heath).—"I have attended many weddings and have noticed that the bridegroom generally makes the best speech at the wedding breakfast." He probably realises that it is his last chance.

E. J. (Chester).—"My wife used to sing, but now she plays the saxophone." You should at least be thankful that she can't sing while accompanying herself on the saxophone.

H. U. (Wymondham).—"I often amuse myself at a theatre by guessing which members of the orchestra are married." This is easy. Wait until a performer juggles on the stage with crockery and then see which musicians duck.

C. M. (Margate).—"A composer of popular songs says he jotted down his latest number on the back of an old envelope." Most people, however, take heed of the Government appeals not to waste paper.

R. V. (Clacton).—"I can remember sixty years ago when I was just two and a half years old and got a biscuit stuck in my throat." It evidently stuck in your memory, too.

M. G. (Bristol).—"My wife has joined the Land Army, but I am not complaining." See letter below.

MRS. G. (Bristol).—"When I came home on leave from the farm, I was surprised to find my husband entertaining his typist in the parlour." See letter above.

ARTHUR (Rochester).—"Why do some women have the wireless on from morning till night?" Probably because they are asleep the rest of the time.

C. P. (Fenny Stratford).—"For years before the war I spent my holiday at the same seaside resort because of the beauty of the place." We suppose she has joined one of the Services now.

F. V. (Manchester).—"He was fined for being in possession of pork chops without having given up meat coupons for them." Apparently this little pig went to black market.

S. A. (Kennington).—"At a recent first night, the stalls clapped while the gallery hissed." Perhaps the stalls were clapping the hissing.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What's all this fuss abaht the Land of the Rising Sun? That the only pub you got there?"

M. K. (Southampton).—"I got my first taste of the sea in a small cargo boat." We got our first taste when learning to swim.

O. N. (Rickmansworth).—"I know a lady who is so keen on collecting metal for salvage that she utters a cry of joy when she finds a pin on the floor." No such pæan of triumph is emitted by the man who finds a pin in his freshly laundered shirt.

D. C. (Tunbridge Wells).—"As an auctioneer I once had to sell the properties of a conjuror." You took a big risk. You might have gone inside his cabinet and disappeared.

MISS J. (Aberdeen).—"I insist that he writes to me from every port he visits." You collect foreign postage stamps?

T. D. (Collingbourne).—"I know an argumentative clerk at an employment exchange who tries to convince people that black is white." When a sweep comes in to register, does he want to put him down as a flour-miller?

W. Y. (Edenbridge).—"My small son has a good music teacher, but when he practises at home he simply thumps the notes. Do you think he is trying?" Very, we should imagine.

Side-Slips

THE SUNDAY POST: — "Rather than go idle, as I have been years out of work, I have taken a job as a DISH-WATER at an R.A.F. camp. . . ."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE: —"In all Mr. ——— obtained 184 JOINTS of free milk valued at £3 6s."

EVENING CHRONICLE: — "The father and mother WERE pairs of socks from a Liverpool store."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Before the last war, William Matthews was an efficient motor-driver, able to do running repairs. He served in the Army from 1914-18. Now in his declining years, he has been unable to work owing to leg trouble, which prevents him from walking far or standing for any length of time

His wife, an old-age pensioner, has just been discharged from hospital after two paralytic strokes. These two badly handicapped old people are struggling to live on Old Age Pension, Public Assistance, and 7s 6d. National Health Insurance benefit.

Rent amounts to 12s. 6d. a week, and their present worry is arrears amounting to £5 3s. 6d.

Mr. Matthews has appealed to us for assistance, and we ask our more fortunately placed readers to send a donation, earmarked "Despair," to help this devoted old couple.

Please address your letters to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund*, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and we are equally grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. No deductions are made for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,312

FIRST PRIZE £50

W. Fresse, Pleasant View, Yaxley, Peterborough.
Example: AS FAR AS POSSIBLE
Bullet: LOOK—BUT LEAP, BRITANNIA!

£20: Mrs. P. Attwood, 20, Queens Road, Haver[illegible].
Example: Dilly And Daily
Bullet: Even Delaying "Delaying Actions"!

£10: Mrs. C. Jackson, 59, Silkstream Road, Burnt Oak, Middx.
Example: Magician Stalin
Bullet: "Joined" "Freedom Lovers' Fleet.

£5: E. H. Coole, "Libitony," St. Albans Road, Sandridge, Nr. St. Albans.
Danger Signal—"Home," "Distant" [illegible]

£4: Mrs. C. M. Morris, 105, Micklefield Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks.
After This War—"*Attention*" To Ex-soldiers' "*Standing*."

£3: G. Huntley, 32, Albert Palace Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.11.
Magician Stalin—"Dove Trick" Won't Deceive.

£2: Miss W. Kaye, 17, Trinity Street, H[illegible]
Enough For To-day—Then Work "[illegible]

28s.: A. E. Grant, 123, South Street, Andover, Hants.
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24s.: W. A. Braley, 23, Queens Drive, Lin[illegible]
Taxes—Shocks—Workers "Recovering" Lame.

22s.: Cpl. C. M. Holmes, 7634624, c/o 6[illegible] Corsham, Wilts.
Better Britain—Sailing For—Returning To?

20s.: N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Pur[illegible]
Send In The Machinery—Of Our Hen-Apprentice!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 56 Winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

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For result of Xword No. 264, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 CERTAIN KIND OF JOCKEY COMMONLY DOES WELL OUT OF	WIN ER			
2 HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACE MAY APPEAR QUITE THIS	GL SSY			
3 RAIN SOMETIMES SPOILS CHANCE OF	S OW			
4 IT'S USUALLY WORRYING WHEN ONE IS DISINTERESTED	TO			
5 WILD BEAST IS MADE MORE FEROCIOUS WHEN FACING	HUN ER			
6 TOO MUCH OF THIS MAY WELL SPOIL ENJOYMENT OF RADIO PROGRAMME	USH			
7 THIS IS IRRITATING WHEN ONE IS CONSTANTLY PRESSED	B LL			
8 IT'S THE SUPREME AMBITION OF SOME MEN TO BE ALLOWED TO WEAR	GA TER			
9 AS A RULE, AVERAGE PARSON'S TALK WITH POOR PARISHIONER IS	HOM LY			
10 EFFECT OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION IS FREQUENTLY THIS	I RE			
11 AVERAGE PERSON DISLIKES HARD, UNYIELDING ONE	COU H			
12 MISCALCULATION OF BOAT'S THIS MAY CAUSE IT TO RUN AGROUND	DR FT			
13 AS A PRECAUTION, HOME GUARDS ARE TAUGHT HOW TO HANDLE THESE	UNS			
14 EVEN CLEVER BOY MAY GET THIS AT SCHOOL	ST CK			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

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(No. 263)

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ADDRESS ENTRY at foot of column

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the testing cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally autographed and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES Value over £200 for 'BULLETS'

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/-

36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/-

50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—THURS., APRIL 2

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,312 appears on page 14

BARRIER TO VICTORY	TO SPEED THINGS UP
WE KNOW	RISKING HIS LIFE
HITLER'S HORDES	MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE
WHATEVER IT COSTS	IN THE NICK OF TIME
UNFAIR	WHEN SONNY'S ON LEAVE
AEROPLANES	CUT THE RED TAPE AND
NOTHING TO DO	WOOLTON v. RACKETEERS
GOOD IDEA	
GALLANTLY	
IN FORCE	
FORBIDDEN	
IMAGINATION	
NATIONAL DANGER	

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

FIGHTING FOR OUR.....
ACCORDING TO.....
CARRYING THE.....
A BIT.....
SHARING HIS.....
TO KEEP US.....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... Signed.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,316 MON., MAR. 23

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,316 or Xword No. 263, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

'Take my case'

says
Mrs. Goodchild

"What with their milk and their extra eggs, to say nothing of the cod-liver oil and those fruit-juices for the babies," says Mrs. Goodchild, "I do think it's splendid the way the Ministry of Food is looking after the children. And it's only right, of course, that they should have first claim on the oranges. But why fix the age at six? Take my case. My Johnny has to miss his orange-juice because he's just too old to have a green ration book. Where's rhyme or reason in rules like that?"

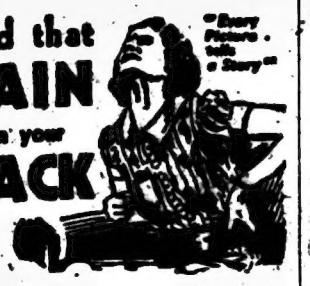
Think again, Mrs. Goodchild. Supplies of oranges are so irregular that they can't come on the ration and so small that they can't be made available to all children even. Now it has been proved that children of seven and upwards are less dependent on orange-juice as a vitamin-source than the smaller ones are—more especially the *very* small ones who are cutting their teeth. Take your case—there's not the least occasion for your Johnny to go short of his vitamins, because he's big enough to eat plenty of potatoes, vegetables and salads. In addition, you will remember that he has an adult ration-book now, and you can give him his full meat ration. So we hope you'll agree that

LISTEN TO "THE KITCHEN FRONT" AT 8.15 EVERY MORNING

we do think of ALL the children, Mrs. Goodchild.

FOOD FACTS No. 84. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

End that PAIN in your BACK



Trouble comes when sluggish kidneys fail to filter your blood free from impurities

MANY A NAGGING, painful backache is due to harmful wastes and impurities which the kidneys have failed to filter from the blood. So is scanty or too frequent urine. You may feel generally run down, head dizzy and aching, joints and limbs stiff, painful or swollen.

Don't allow painful kidney ailments to impede your war-work! Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen, invigorate and flush out the kidneys. Pain will vanish when these organs are effectively purifying the blood.

Thousands of grateful people thank Doan's Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, urinary and bladder troubles, gravel, disturbed nights, stiff, aching joints.

1/3, 2/6, 5/6 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

Your Chemist recommends—

CALVEX

BRAND CARBOLIC

OINTMENT

'YOUR FIRST AID'

A very effective remedy for burns, scalds, chilblains, chapped hands, chafed skin, piles, ulcers, and other skin ailments.

CALVEX BRAND **OINTMENT**

A CALVERT PRODUCT

How much smoke per oz.?

None of us want to waste anything these hard times ..... Particularly Four Square, as supplies of top grade leaf are so restricted. And there is no need to waste a shred. If only we go about it the right way, we can make every fill last about an hour, and get more smoke to the ounce. Unless you are getting these results already, you will probably find food for thought in the Old Hand's hints, one of which is printed on the right.

Hint No. 1.

Tobacco smokes coolly and evenly only if kept in good condition, neither too damp nor too dry. A rubber or oilskin pouch is best, and — counsel of perfection, these days! — it should be replenished with another ounce while it still contains several pipefuls.

FOUR SQUARE

Millions of Man-hours SAVED to Industry!

Forewarned is Forearmed!

Much time is saved to industry by modern preventive measures against illness and infection. For example, the service rendered to the workers by 'ASPRO' averting and dispelling Spring colds—feverish 'flu attacks—rheumatism and nerve strain, etc.—maintaining their maximum efficiency and saving them lying up—must represent millions of extra "man-hours". Keeping people fit, saving the nation the loss of their production, is indeed a job worth doing. Every mail contains fresh, living proof of how well 'ASPRO' does it. We suggest you read the letters below and take heed of their message.

'ASPRO' banishes COLDS-'FLU-SPRING ILLS

'ASPRO' KEPT ME OUT OF BED AND AT MY JOB.

L. J. ASPINALL writes from 42 Fair View Avenue, Newtown, Geelong, Victoria:—"A few days ago I caught a sudden cold and it was very much like 'the 'flu. I had to keep going at work so I got my wife to make me a hot drink and I took three 'ASPRO' tablets with it and tumbled into bed. During the night I perspired very much but was much better in the morning and able to go to work. I am sure if I hadn't taken 'ASPRO' I would have been laid up with a very bad cold."

"'ASPRO' OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE"

H. S., of Warrington, Lancs., writes:—"Your work is of real national importance for in these times of nerve strain the benefit derived from your 'ASPRO' tablets is of universal appeal. Every one knows of the nerve stabilising properties of 'ASPRO' and if there are any who have not yet tried them I am sure they will soon be introduced to them for you have such a host of friends and well-wishers."

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

Made in England by ASPRO Ltd. Slough, Bucks

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½

FALSE TEETH

WHAT DENTISTS RECOMMEND

IT TAKES 5 SECONDS ONCE A DAY

Squeeze a little 'Dentesive' on your dental plate (upper or lower). *For the rest of the day* it is held steady as a rock, comfortably cushioned upon happy protected gums. You can eat *anything*. Talk and laugh without restraint, there's no risk of being embarrassed. 'Dentesive' holds longer, holds firmer. And even liquids cannot get underneath your plate. It is a Dentist's formula, backed by surgery tests of 6,000 other Dentists. Ask your chemist for 'Dentesive.' Price 7½d. & 1/3.

ACID STOMACH

WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache, 'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity) *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. *(Including Purchase Tax).* Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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